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SOUL CONSCIOUSNESS AFTER DEATH

BY
REV. LEN G. BROUGHTON

Author of "The Soul-Winning Church," "The Revival of a Dead Church," "Up From Sin," "The Representative Women of the Bible and the Representative Women of To-day," etc.

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DEDICATED TO
THE CAUSE OF EVANGELISM

PREFACE

These sermons were preached in the Duval Theater, Jacksonville, Florida, during the time when our First Baptist Church was being reconstructed. They drew great congregations, resulting in a perpetual revival.

The object in preaching them was, first of all, to re-emphasize the mystical element in our religion in this day of sordid materialistic conceptions. Modern thought and controversies have, during the recent past, led us away from the old truths which have comforted our hearts and strengthened our hopes.

The true evangelistic message can not neglect the mystical element in our faith. Our Lord and his apostles ever kept these lines of thought before the people, and used them with telling effect. The unsaved are ever eager to hear about the future life, and are impressed with the mystical aspect of the gospel message, while Christians find great comfort in following such lines of thought.

I have purposely avoided presenting purely spectacular theories and dogmas, endeavoring to deal only with those subjects that are generally accepted, but in late years too often neglected.

No claim is made for originality or special care in presentation. The messages are stenographically given as they were spoken, eliminating repetitions and references of a purely local character.

LEN G. BROUGHTON.

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"THE BLACK CREPE ON THE DOOR"



~~God's call and The~~ ^{plus} ~~The~~
Undertaker's call.

CHAPTER I

"THE BLACK CREPE ON THE DOOR— WHERE IS THE SOUL BEYOND THE GRAVE?"

Text: Hebrews 9: 27, Amos 4: 12—"It is appointed unto men once to die. Prepare to meet thy God."

I am to talk to you tonight on a subject which is not at all popular, the subject of death. It is not popular because no man likes to have to face death. Never mind how good a man is, never mind who he is or what his condition of life is, he does not enjoy meditation upon, much less discussion of, death. Death carries with it the thought of separation. It does separate physically, but we shall see as we proceed further on in our consideration that there is not in that separation that which is ordinarily considered. There is certainly separation from one's activities, and from one's friends and loved ones, in a physical sense, and because of this we do not like to have to face it. But, my friends, we would be much better off if, now and then, we gave ourselves more to the consideration of even so solemn as fact as death.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon, in his lecture to the students of his Pastors' College, once said, "Young men, do not let any sentiment prevent you from warning men to prepare for death."

The greatest warrior that the world ever knew, certainly the greatest conqueror, Alexander the Great, left on record when he passed away, these words: "I have given time and thought to every thing but death, and that is the most important thing that I could have considered."

And so without any further word of seeming apology, I ask you to consider with me the end of our mortal life.

The Common Lot of Man. First of all, I want to remind you of what you already know, that death is the common lot of the race.

If we had no Bible, it would make no difference in our conclusion with regard to that matter. Experience, itself, is argument sufficient that it is appointed unto man once to die. It is the common lot, I repeat, of the race. From Adam down to the present hour, they have come and gone through that gate, the gate of death. Sooner or later, everyone in this presence will pass through that gate, the gate of death. As a matter of fact, it may be already open to some of us, though we do not see it, and our fate may be very near, and we do not know it; but whether that be true or no, we are headed, every one of us, for one gate, the gate of death.

When We Least Expect it. Then, I want to remind you, also, of another commonplace fact: death generally comes to us when we least expect it. Now and then, there are exceptions to this rule, death comes sometimes when it has been looked for, but generally speaking it is at an unexpected time that men go through the gate of death.

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage once was passing along the street in a carriage with three other gentlemen. They were all strangers to him, and the most robust and healthiest looking man of the group sat by Dr. Talmage's side. They were following a casket to the cemetery, where Dr. Talmage was to conduct the burial service; and as they slowly crept their way along the street, a man was heard from a side street, shouting at the top of his voice, "Who will be the next? Who will be the next?" He was a fruit vender and his meaning was, "Who will be the next to buy my fruit?" As a matter of course, they thought his meaning was, "Who will be the next to be buried?" The appropriateness of it took hold of these men in the carriage, and the man sitting by Dr. Talmage nudged him and said, "You know that is a very striking word that is coming from that fruit vender, 'Who will be the next?' I am thinking and wondering who will be the next in this party to be carried to the cemetery. I am thinking, who will be the next of us four?" "Are you ready, if it should be you?" asked Dr. Talmage. "No," he replied, "I am not." "You are not a Christian man?" "No, I am not." "Have you never accepted Christ as your personal Savior?" "No; I never have." "Would it not be a sad thing, then, if you should be the next?" "Yes, but I certainly do not look like I would be the next, do I?" They passed on. At two o'clock the next morning, Dr. Talmage's door bell rang, and the servant who answered it received a note, and carried it up to the Doctor's bedroom, and gave it to him. It was from the wife of that man. It read

like this: "Dear Dr. Talmage: Please come to such a number in Brooklyn, to see my husband. He is very ill. He is calling for you every moment, and saying over and over, 'Who will be the next?'" Dr. Talmage hurried across the city. When he entered the man's room, the man stared at him for a moment, and then lifted his hands and began to weep, saying: "I am the next! I am the next!" And he was the next. Before morning he was the man that God's messenger had summoned.

Who will be the next? Let me ring that out tonight in this great assembly: who will be the next to answer the summons of death! Somebody will be the next. This crowd will never get together again. Before next Sunday night, you can take it from me, somebody in this assembly will have answered that summons. Who will be that man? God help him to act in the light of the uncertainty and prepare to meet God at an unexpected moment.

I remember preaching one night in a tent, along this line—it was a hot summer night—and when I announced my text and began to talk, a man standing by the side of two of his chums, said, "I am tired hearing that kind of talk. I am going home." I saw them when they left. I was not surprised to see them go, because they were not men that cared much for services of that kind, apart from curiosity. They went about five squares towards that man's house, to play cards and gamble on Sunday night; and as they started to climb a hill that led up to the house, he put his hand over his heart and said, "I have a pain in my heart. I am going to sit down on this

curb." They sat down, and began to talk about it probably being an attack of indigestion, but as the pain grew worse instead of better, they called a doctor. The doctor lived only three squares from the place, and when he got there, the man was in eternity. Now it used to be very seldom that you heard of a death like that, but it has now come to be a very frequent occurrence. Almost every time you pick up your paper you see accounts of such unexpected deaths.

We Go as We Are. Another commonplace thing I want to call your attention to is this: When a man goes through that gate, he goes just as he has lived. "As the tree falleth, so it must lie." But some one says: "What about deathbed repentances? There is the thief on the cross." Yes, but that was the only chance that man had ever had, the only chance, and Christ takes care of the man with the only chance. But where is the man in Jacksonville who can say, "I have never had a chance?" No man in Jacksonville can plead the mercy extended the thief on the cross.

There may be some deathbed repentances that are genuine. My personal experience, as a minister, is that most deathbed repentances are spurious. I remember a man, a cousin of mine, supposed to be on his deathbed, who made a profession of acceptance of Christ, and in that profession he actually went so far as to request the communion, and it was administered to him by the pastor of his wife; but when he recovered from that illness, he repudiated the whole of it, and died an unbeliever.

Life and Existence. One other thing I want to remind you of, and that is that beyond death is life, and also continuity of existence. Why this distinction? Because it is right and proper that it should be made. Jesus Christ plainly teaches that unregenerate man has continuity of existence, but this is not eternal life. The regenerate man, alone, has eternal life. It is wrought in him through the mystical process of spiritual regeneration, when he yields to the atoning cross. It is not so with the unregenerate man. He continues to exist on the lower level, without the richness which is comprehended by eternal life through Jesus Christ. The unregenerate man's existence is hell. We shall see about it later in this series.

You ask me, then, "Where is the soul after death?" I will answer by asking you a question. Do you mean the soul of that man who in simple faith looked upon the cross of Jesus and said: "I accept Jesus as my hope of salvation"? That soul is with Jesus, reposing in restful waiting for its final full and complete reward. Or, do you mean that soul that refused to accept Christ as his hope of salvation? I must tell you that it exists still. It will ever exist, but in a realm ministered to by the devil. All the elements that go to make up real life have been extracted from it. It is lost with the devil in hell. (John 20: 31; 5: 40; 3: 15; 17: 2, 3.)

Lost in a Dream. A friend of mine was telling me of an experience of a friend of his, a most moral upright citizen of the community, though not a Christian. He went to church, and gave to the church,

but never acknowledged Jesus. One night, all alone, he was given a dream. In that dream, he heard someone rattling the door knob of his room, and he was afraid to say, Come in. He waited, while the fingering continued at the door knob, and presently the bolt turned; and then he saw the door open, and in the dim moonlight, which was streaming through the window, he saw this stranger, cold, ghostlike, as gradually he approached his bedside; and when he stood by his bed, he saw him reach forth his long, thin, bony hand, and felt the cold chill of his breath; and as he did so, his intruder said, "I am death." As he said it, he reached his cold, long, bony fingers and grasped him by the throat, saying: "I have come for you." The poor dreamer endeavored to scream, but he could not. Finally he was able to make a noise, but no one responded, and then he began to wrestle, but as he did so, the more he was gripped by the cold, chilly hand of death. Suddenly, he was lifted out of the horrible dream, tired and worn, wet with perspiration. He then lay there in bed and thought, and finally came to this conclusion. Suppose this had not been a dream? Suppose it had been true? Where would my soul be now? And the answer came, "In a Christless eternity." He got up from his bed and went to see the minister of the church he was accustomed to attend, and told him his dream, and then dropped down on his knees, and said, "I give my heart to Jesus, now," and the next Sunday he was received into the church; and the next Sunday, the minister preached his funeral.

My Grandfather's Passing. But, thank God, there are other experiences. I want to tell you of the passing of my own dear grandfather. I was his pet grandchild, and he was as dear to me, in many respects dearer, than my father. He had largely reared me through childhood. Never lived there a better man than my dear old granddaddy, never a better Christian, simple and true to his Lord. One day we were summoned to grandfather's house. We spent two or three days in waiting. Finally, the end was near. He was perfectly conscious, and clear in mind. After a while, he called for me, out of the group of the grandchildren and the others, and I sat down on the bed by his side, and he asked me to put my little arm under his head, and I did it. Then he said some very comforting words to the rest of the family, and then he said some things to me that have remained with me through all these years, and that will live with me until we meet beyond the river. And then he said, "It is time, now; I shall be soon going." Then he sang:

"I am going home, I am going home,
I am going home, to die no more.
To die no more, to die no more,
I am going home, to die no more."

Then, with a face as radiant as the Florida sun, he breathed his last breath, and went home. He went home as a child of God. He went where he will stay, in the realm of blessed opportunities, until he comes back again, with his Lord, at his second coming; and, then, finally, when the roll is wound up, and all of

life's battles are ended, and the world is no more, he will receive his crown of works. And, thank God, I am adding every day of my life, link by link, to the chain of his rejoicing.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this cometh judgment. Prepare to meet thy God."



"THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST"

B. m.
6-6-'26

CHAPTER II

"THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST WITH HIS REDEEMED"

Text: Acts 1: 11—"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus whom ye have seen taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

During this week, I have received from certain people known as Russellites a bunch of literature and books, accompanied by an anonymous letter urging that I post myself on the line of my announced Sunday evening series. This is no surprise to me, for I have been receiving such books and literature all through the years. The propagandists of that cult seem to think that I need considerable straightening out in my theology with regard to the future life, and that I must have Pastor Russell and his successors to guide me into the study of the Bible with reference to it. I knew Pastor Russell during his lifetime. I knew his teaching, and I know the teaching of those that have succeeded him, and with due apology to them all, I do not hesitate to say that I would be considerably pleased not to receive any more of their literature. I have no place for any more of it, in my head or in my library. I know of no teaching more thoroughly saturated with error than the doctrines of this sect concerning the

second coming and the new birth. I think I am able to interpret the Bible in matters which we are now considering, as well as any of the satellites of Russellism. *The Bible is a guide*

We are concerned about the Bible position with regard to the soul after death. Tonight, we are to look at it in connection with the Second Coming of our Lord.

Three Great Comings. There are three great comings prophesied in the Scriptures. The first is the coming of Christ as the Sin-Bearer of the world. The Old Testament teems with prophecies of this coming. It is foretold in the most minute way, by the old prophets. The fact of His birth, the conduct of the people at the time of His birth, His life and ministry, His death, His resurrection and ascension, are all clearly and plainly foretold by the prophets, and the New Testament gives a literal fulfillment of these prophecies. The second great coming is that of the Holy Spirit, the third person of the God-head, who came to take possession of the affairs of the kingdom on the day of Pentecost. This is also prophesied in the Old Testament, and was literally fulfilled on the day of Pentecost. The third great coming, prophesied in both the Old and New Testaments, is that of the return of Christ to this earth, with His saved people, to reign and rule over the affairs of this earth during the millennial period, which, in the book of Revelation, is put down as a thousand years. It is about this coming, particularly, that we want to speak.

It is interesting to note, in our text, that the last time Jesus was seen was when He was going up into heaven in His resurrection body, and the first word that came from heaven to this earth after His re-entrance there, was a promise of His return to this earth in like manner as He left it; that is, in His resurrection body. No one knows when this is to take place. The Russellites and a few other cults have fixed ever so many dates for it, which have proved to be false, but they still go on fixing dates, and some people believe them. It is next to blasphemy to do such a thing, for Jesus, Himself, said, "No man knoweth, not even the angels in heaven"; but while this is true, we can, judging from the prophetical teaching, see the propitiousness of the time for His return, and all honest Bible students of this subject are agreed that the present time is quite propitious; though it may be stretched out over a long period, yet it may be at any moment. More than three hundred and fifty prophecies back up His Second Coming; and, personally, I should not be surprised at His coming at any time; and when He does come, it will not be for humiliation and death, but for glorification and imperial reign. With the redeemed souls that He will bring with Him, He will rule this earth, as today He rules heaven. The one great Church problem is to get souls ready for His coming, as far as possible. The Church is not commanded to save the world before He comes, but to gather out from the world a people for His name. He will come to the world when it is practically moving as it is to-day.

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The world is making
"Great" efforts to prepare to
live here - but how fully
are its interests prepared?

The Ascension. This brings us back to our text. Here we have a wonderfully interesting picture. Jesus is standing on Olivet, and around Him are gathered His disciples. He is seen to take His departure from them, not personally to appear any more until he comes in regal power in His second coming. As He stands conversing with them, a wonderful thing takes place. He begins suddenly to ascend. He moves right out of their midst, up and on, above their heads, and on and on, until He mingles Himself with the clouds, and then on out of sight, into glory; and the disciples, in this text, are found standing gazing up into the trackless space through which He has passed. As they gaze, there is heard by them a voice from heaven, which says, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus whom ye have seen taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." And this is the first word that was spoken to this earth from heaven after Jesus returned from His mission of sin-bearing. The first word was a promise, a prophecy of His return to this earth, not spiritually but literally, as literally as He came first, in answer to the prophecies of the Old Testament. He will come "in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." From that day to this hour, there have been saints that have moved steadily with the upward turn of the eye, hoping and praying and looking for His coming, and for the fulfillment of that promise and prophecy.

But when is that to be? I frankly say to you that I do not know anything about that day, as to the

time when it will be; but I do not hesitate to say to you, not entirely on my own opinion, but that, also, of many of the most devout Bible students throughout the world, that the world to-day is in a condition that invites the return of the Lord.

"But the world is not converted," some one says. Beloved, Jesus Christ never commissioned the church to convert the world, nor to clean up the world. It is right and proper for us to strive for the conversion of everyone, and to clean up the world, so far as it is possible, but this is not the first mission of the church.

The first mission of the church is that of co-operation with Him, in gathering out from the peoples of the earth a believing people for His name, a people that will constitute His bride when He comes; and, then, He with His bride will undertake and carry to perfection the great problem of world salvation and world cleaning. I would be the worst pessimist on earth if I did not hold this view.

We talk about the world being converted—it is better in many respects, but in many respects further from God than ever before—when we talk about the world being better, we are not talking about the world's salvation. From that point of view, the world is further from God than ever before.

LISTEN—In one year, more Mohammedans were born in this world than we made Christians in five years. In one year, more heathen of one religion born in this world than we had made Christians in five! We think we are making great progress, but we forget that along the line of unbelief there is also

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greater progress. It is not incumbent upon the Church of Jesus Christ to convert the world, but by the proclamation of the gospel of Jesus Christ, to gather out that elect people who will constitute His Holy Bride, so that when He comes, they may unitedly bring this world to the foot of the Cross, upon which He suffered, and where He spilled His blood. That is the first mission of the Church.

When He comes, the world is to be practically moving as it is to-day. Hear the word of Jesus, Matthew 24:—"But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." If all the world is to be converted before we are to expect Jesus' coming, why are any to be left? Why are not all taken? Our Lord knew it would not be so.

And, while we can not tell anything as to the definiteness of the time, we can know the program of His coming. The Apostle Paul says in the 4th chapter of First Thessalonians: "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself

shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

I have said that the world at the coming again of Jesus will be moving practically as it is to-day. The church will be endeavoring to save as many as she can, and when the last soul that is to complete the bride of Christ is prepared, when that last soul is reached, Jesus will come and meet His bride.

In the clouds Jesus will come, and poise above the earth. Then the graves of the righteous dead will open, and give up their spiritual bodies, whether they come from the cemetery or the depths of the ocean. Then the righteous saints living on the earth will be changed, and caught up with them to meet the Lord in the air. Our first sight of Him will be at the marriage supper of the Lamb, sitting clothed in regal robes with a sceptre of imperial authority in His hand, which He is to wield over this universe.

From that point Jesus is to dispatch an angel to this earth, and his business, according to John, is to arrest the devil. Up to the present time, he has never been arrested. We talk about the devil being in hell. He has never yet been in hell. He is on the earth, and sometimes I think he is very manifestly present even in our own midst. But when the angel comes from the imperial throne of Jesus in the skies, charged with the authority to arrest the devil, it will

be done, for Jesus is the master of the devil. When he is arrested, he will be dragged to the pit and thrown into it, and locked up within it, and sealed, and there he will be kept in prison until the end of the millennial reign of Jesus on this earth with His saints. (Rev. 20: 1-6.)

Then Jesus, with His bride, the Church, will come to the earth for His personal reign.

A scientist once said to me, "It would be impossible for Jesus to personally reign over the whole world at the same time. How could He communicate Himself?" That was before the wireless telegraph, before the radiograph was known. Even to-day, it would be possible for Jesus Christ, operating through His superior grasp upon the infinite laws of nature, to speak and be heard around the world at one time.

I was crossing the Atlantic Ocean, when we were living in London. I was to preach in my church on Sunday. A great storm took us out of our course, and caused us to lose three days. I wanted to let my people know the cause of the delay, so that they would not be alarmed. I went up into the tower, and asked the wireless operator if I could send a message. He said, "Yes." I told him what I wanted to say, and he touched a few keys, that sent sparks flying all about us. I said, "How long will it take to send my message?" He replied, "It is already there." These days, we listen on the radiograph to voices from one part of the world to the other.

Beloved, do not be disturbed. Remember that Jesus Christ is the God-one, and that as the God-one he holds the key to all the mysteries, and all the

movements, and all the forces, that are needed to control this universe, in the flash of a thought. We are worshiping no little God, and no less a Christ.

What If Tonight? But suppose all this should happen tonight? The world is just as ready now as, perhaps, it will ever be. Surely it is in need of His coming. Suppose it should be tonight, how would He find our affairs? Suppose it should be tonight, how would He find the affairs of this city where we live, where the Sabbath is desecrated, where this one day in seven is disregarded by our city lawmakers? Moving pictures going for gain on the day He set apart for rest and worship! Is there a man who doubts what He would do, how He would feel, how He does feel? See His own church people thronging these places on the Sabbath day! How would He feel with regard to the general and almost unmolested traffic in strong drink that we see around the hotels and eating places of Jacksonville? Let no man deceive himself with regard to this matter. It is not affecting so much the stable citizenry of the community and country, as it is the young, who seem to think it smart to be able to indulge and traffic in this violation of the national law, while the police stand with their eyes upon it, and never lift their hands.

What if Jesus should come? It is time for us to begin asking some questions. It is time sober-minded people were thinking of these things, not only in the light of the coming of the Lord, but in the light of that which is best for the development of a sober and steady citizenship.

Are you ready?

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22. * This little story, I want to give you: In southwest Virginia, many years ago, a railroad conductor was summoned home one night to his dying child. The doctors had given her up, and as he sat there, an unbeliever, the little child opened her eyes and turned to her mother and said, "Mother, something strange has come over me; I don't feel at home." The mother tried to get what she meant, but she seemed to go to sleep. After a while her father went out and chopped some wood, and while he was chopping, she opened her eyes and said, "Mother, I hear them calling names. Are they all in?" "Yes, here they all are, except father," said the mother. She dropped again to sleep, and when the father came in, the mother told him what the child had been saying. He knelt by the bedside and took her hands in his, and she opened her eyes and saw him, and said: "I have heard them calling names in heaven. They called Mother's name, and Sister's name, and Brother's name, and Granddaddy's name, and Grandmother's name, and they called three times, and they never called your name. Where were you?" And she passed away. The father still sat there, holding her dead hand, and after a while he said, "Oh, Lord Jesus, come into my heart, that I may be in, with my name on the Book of Life in heaven, with my child."

If Jesus should come tonight in glory to reign on the earth, would you be in? And, are those that are dear to you in with you? If not, may it be so before we close our eyes in sleep tonight!

Are you present?

"THE LAST GREAT JUDGMENT"

JFA

CHAPTER III

"THE LAST GREAT JUDGMENT"

SOULS OF THE PAST RETURNING TO BE JUDGED FOR FINAL REWARDS

Text: 2 Cor. 5: 10—"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

We have thus far in this evening series, considered two subjects. First, we considered the subject of Death, which we interpreted as merely being the slip of the halter, and the liberation of the soul from its physical confines; and, second, we considered the Second Coming of Christ, with His saved ones, from Adam down to the time of His second coming; coming back to this earth, and living on the earth for a thousand years. Tonight, we consider the Last Great Judgment.

A Great Picture. A number of years ago, I was traveling through Germany, and a friend of mine told me about a little church, not far from the highway we were traveling, in which, he said, there was a great picture of the great final judgment. Being interested always in pictures, and never letting an opportunity pass for observing them, I made my way out to this little church. When I got there, I found a number of other people there. They were waiting

for the time of the opening of the door, and the exhibition of the picture. At the appointed hour, the door opened, and our little company entered, and the caretaker pulled back the curtain, slowly, and allowed us to observe this wonderful picture. The sun was streaming in through a large stained-glass window in the front end of the church, and spread its light upon the picture, which was just back of the pulpit, painted on the wall.

High up on a throne of great magnificence and indescribable beauty, sat the Judge. On His right sat, on lesser thrones, but thrones of great magnificence, six of His apostles; on the left, on thrones of like character, six other apostles. Out before them was an angel, poised in the sky, and in his hand was a pair of balances, and over the balances a scroll in a crescent form, and on the scroll, written in clear German type, were the words that appeared on the wall at the time of Belshazzar's great feast—"Thou art weighed in the balances, and found———" Out in front of the angel with the balances, stood a great, countless number of people, straining their eyes, with an anxious look upon their faces. Each one in that great crowd was waiting, consciously waiting, to be weighed. They were to be weighed in the presence of the Judge, and in the presence of the twelve apostles. They were to be weighed and valued for what they were worth, not for what their neighbors thought they were worth. They were to be weighed, according to their worth, as the Judge saw it, and their weight was to be placed in that blank line, so

that the assembled multitude might see the weight of every soul.

As we stood and looked at it, I observed some strong men and women, who bowed their heads and sighed and sobbed. One man in the crowd said, "May God help me to so live from now on so as to increase the figures that will go in that blank line."

Now, beloved, if I were an artist, and could rapidly paint on this wall that picture, just as I saw it, I feel that I would do more for you, more for your city, more for your day and generation, than I can do by any message I may bring to you. But I cannot do that, so I shall have to resort to an exposition of the general principles included in that great and wonderful painting.

The Judgment of Assignment. I would, first of all, say to you, that for all practical purposes, I regard two great judgments. The first, I am going to call the Judgment at Death, which we may term the Judgment of Assignment. I know we can, by going back and taking the Scriptures, explain many things that precede that judgment, that make that, strictly speaking, not a judgment; but, practically, it is. No soul ever went into a state of sleep when it passed out of the body. There is no such thing as soul sleep. The soul can not sleep. There never was a grave big enough, nor a coffin strong enough, to contain an immortal soul for a fraction of a second. The moment it leaves the body, it is before God; moreover, it is in the place where it is to spend eternity, with the exception of that period of time that we call the millennium, when the souls of the redeemed are to be

brought back to the earth, with the Lord. The Apostle Paul uses this very significant language with regard to it: "Absent from the body, present with the Lord," a word which indicates immediateness, and is only used to express that idea; so that Paul's word might better read, "Absent from the body, immediately with the Lord." The soul makes its leap, in the moment of its departure in death, to the place of its assignment.

There has to be some standard of assignment, some passport of the soul as it makes its flight from the body to its future place of abode? What is to constitute that passport? Let it be said, once for all, that it is not made of works. They play no part in the soul's assignment.

When, that night, the great destroying angel passed over Egypt, he was told to look for one thing, and but one thing, and that was blood sprinkled upon the lintel and the doorpost of the house; and where he found no blood, he went in, regardless of whose house it was, or what kind of life had been lived, and did his work of death; and where he found blood, he passed that house by. It was the blood upon the lintel and the doorpost of the house that saved the household. And, beloved, it is the blood of Jesus Christ, shed according to the program and planning of God, that makes one's passport into heaven. And it is the lack of blood, applied by faith in the cross of Christ, that sends one to hell.

The Judgment of Rewards. But that is not the judgment about which I am to speak tonight. I am to speak about the Judgment of Rewards—the great

final judgment, that judgment which is referred to in our text, that judgment when every man is to appear, not for reassignment, but to be rewarded according to the deeds done in his body. It, therefore, should properly be considered the judgment of rewards, as the first is the judgment of assignments; for there are to be degrees in the future life, degrees in heaven, and degrees in hell, and these degrees are to be made up of the deeds done in the body, and these deeds can not accomplish their full results until time is ended.

In a sense, no man ever dies. He transfers his base of operation, but his works move steadily onward, and onward. They will continue to move as long as time lasts, and there is no way of preventing it. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." Of course they do. There is nothing that is possible of destruction. Matter, even, cannot be destroyed. It can be changed, but not destroyed. Never an atom of matter ever created has been destroyed, nor will it ever be destroyed. You burn this pulpit; it goes into smoke; the essence of that smoke is carbon, and the leaves that flutter in the breezes of Florida open their little mouths and exhale their oxygen, which we take up to give us life, and then they breathe into themselves the carbon of this desk. And they digest it in their little digestive organs, and convert it into fibre, and that fibre, ultimately, we call a tree; and that tree is cut down and carried to the mill, and converted into boards which are seized

upon by a mechanic, and converted into a desk, behind which future generations may stand and preach. Nothing is destructible.

The Orchestra of Heaven. Science tells us that even sound lives forever, that all the noises of the earth, whether they come from a musical instrument, with its magnificent harmony, or whether they come from a crying child or a shrieking madman, are all gathered up on the invisible waves that make up the great ether sea, and rolled up and onward until, finally, they are blended into one eternal harmony of music. Who knows but that the orchestra of heaven will be made up of the confused and conflicting sounds that have been gathered up from this disharmonious world in which we live!

Beloved, it is so with human life, and with human conduct. It is just as indestructible as anything else. Every act moves on and on in the sea of human influence, affecting humanity forever.

22 *Charles H. Spurgeon.* I was preaching the annual sermon before Spurgeon's great orphanage in London, on one occasion, and before me were hundreds of orphans; children gathered together in that great institution, founded by that great soul and preacher; and all around in the balconies were visitors, the majority of them having themselves passed through their training in that great institution, and been fitted for their places in life. Some of them were men of great distinction. I had taken for my text that word in Revelation: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord . . . their works do follow them." I was speaking along the line of the "Immor-

ality of Works," trying to impress my hearers with the fact that works are as immortal as the soul. As I preached, the sun shot through a window, on the bust of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the founder of that great institution, through whose influence these men and women had found their useful places in life which they were then filling. His great eyes seemed to peer into mine so that I had to stop in my address, and I said: "Mr. Spurgeon, I know that you are not dead. I need no testimony to the fact that you are not dead. You have transferred your place of abode, but you are yet living, here, through the people you have helped. Through every life that this great institution has touched and blessed. And, as the influence of this institution goes on, you will be living and working. On it will go, until, at last, the angel of God shall put one foot upon the land and another upon the sea, and declare, 'Time is up!' And then it will not stop, for you will come to the final judgment, and every one you blessed will be a diadem in your crown."

ee : D. L. Moody. I go to Northfield, Massachusetts, to that great conference, almost every summer. It was conceived by Dwight L. Moody, and promoted by him during his lifetime. When he passed away, they buried him upon beautiful Round-Top, where some of us have received such spiritual visions; where the great Student Volunteer movement was started. Simple stones mark his grave. One night, in the moonlight, while that great conference was on (three or four thousand people were gathered there from all parts of the civilized world), I stood at the

head of his grave, and I said: "Oh, Mr. Moody, you are not dead. God has simply slipped the halter. You still live. You are living in this conference gathering, you are living in this great school for girls, you are living across the beautiful Connecticut river, at Mount Hermon, in the school for boys. You are living in all this. You are living in all the souls you have helped to win, through all your ministry. You are living and your voice is yet heard, everywhere." I went away from there with a new conception of the value of life.

It Will All Appear. That life of yours, that good deed—it was a small one, but it went out of a good heart, and noble impulse. Perhaps it was just a friendly word, but when that was said, you did more than you will ever know till you see the end of all things. And oh! Christian soul, every such word will help to form a chain like unto pearls, which will decorate you in eternity.

Yes, but this is not all; the unsaved soul will reap in the same way. The evil will go on as long as time lasts. There is only one thing that can break the chain of sin, and that is the blood of Jesus. "His blood cleanseth from all sin."

Talk about life being a trifling thing, and the blood of Christ being a little thing—in that day when the great trumpet shall announce the opening of the pearly gates, it will be found that the blood of Jesus Christ, the Crucified One, the Atoning One, accepted in simple, childlike faith, will be the greatest thing since the morning stars sang together. And, yet, men trifle with it, and will not accept it.

The Final Separation. But I must pass to my last word, a word concerning the final result. I can, tonight, only deal with one phase of it, and that is its great final separation.

I never knew what that involved until my mother passed away. She had been an invalid; we had been expecting her going for a long time. The last visit had been paid, the last word with her had been said. One day I got this message: "Mother is gone. Come on the first train." We traveled to Raleigh, and rode across the city of my boyhood—it never seemed so far before. Finally, we got to the house. The friends of the family were standing out in the yard, and as we went up the walkway we heard them say, "He is come; but she is gone." We went in, and after the greeting with the rest of the family was over, I asked to be alone with her. I went in and shut the door. A candle at the head of the coffin was the only light in the room. With the door shut and the key turned, I looked into her face, and I realized that only a short time before those lips had kissed mine, those big blue eyes had followed me as I went away that last day, and now they were closed and I could not see them; and those beautiful long hands of hers were folded across her breast, that had been folded about me since childhood millions of times. I knelt by the side of the casket, my head close to hers, and something said, "She is gone. You are separated now." And then, as quick as a flash, the tears began to rain from my eyes, and something else spoke to me, like this: "You are only separated for a while; you will meet again, and then it will be never to separate. All

through eternity she will be your mother, and you will be her boy." How that did help me that night! How it helps me tonight!

We are going to get together, when the Lord comes for His millennial reign. Together we shall have a chance to look at Jesus, whose cross has made us "free from the law of sin and death." She will tell me, and remind me, of many things she told me about Him when I was yet a child. Then we shall get together when the last rewards are given. When we get there, there will be some few pearls that I will have gathered from my imperfect life, and she will handle them, and she will fondle them, and she will wear them, as well as her boy.

My friends, all this is what makes life so real, and the religion of Christ so precious, so wonderful. We are sowing seed, here, for a harvest in eternity.

"OUR HOME IN HEAVEN"

CHAPTER IV

“OUR HOME IN HEAVEN—WHERE IT IS, WHAT IT IS, AND WHO WILL BE THERE”

Text: John 14: 2—“In my Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.”

Thus far in considering “Soul Consciousness After Death,” we have considered three special subjects. First, naturally, we were led to consider the subject of Death, with an effort to discover the place of the soul after death; and, then, our next view of the soul, following its assignment in heaven or hell, was at the Second Coming of Christ, when He will bring all His redeemed people back to this earth, and with them reign over this earth, as John tells us in his apocalyptic vision, which we call the Revelation, for a thousand years; and, then, we considered, last Sunday evening, another glimpse of the soul. This time, not merely the soul of the redeemed host, but the souls of all mankind that have passed away, since Adam until the end of the millennial reign of Christ, as they shall stand before the Judgment of Rewards, and be rewarded according to the deeds done in the body. This reward will have nothing whatever to do, as we have already seen, with their assignment; that is a thing of the past, and has been settled; but it

will have to do with the degree of rewards in the future life, in heaven or hell.

Tonight, we come to consider the fourth in this series, and our theme is "Heaven," which gives us still another view of the soul.

Heaven, that is, heaven with its full fruition, with its full rewards, lies beyond the Judgment of Rewards. Then, the souls of the redeemed, though they may have been in heaven for centuries, or millenniums, will be given, in the full heaven, the full reward for all the accumulated deeds that have been done in the body. And, likewise, we shall see when we come to consider that phase of the subject, that the same is true of the lost.

What and Where? But, we are tonight dealing with heaven, the home of the redeemed, in its fullest and complete sense. And the question naturally thumps in our brain and heart, "Where is heaven, and what is heaven?"

Where? As to the first of these questions, I can only say to you that heaven is where Christ is. As to the location, I certainly do not know, nor does any one else, for we are not told. We only know that it is where Christ is, and where His redeemed are gathered together in blessed waiting for the day of completed glory. But this we may know! Heaven is a place, somewhere, for in our text Jesus Christ declares, "I go to prepare a place for you."

Of course, it is impossible for us to form any conception with regard to the character of the mansions that Jesus Christ is to-day preparing for His people. Most of us have never lived in a mansion, but many

of us in this presence, thank God, will live in one in glory. It will be a mansion not made of dollars, but one that is made of faith and good works. It takes money here to build a mansion; it will take no money there, but it will take what many folks that have money have not got; it will take Christ and good works to build our mansion in heaven.

This word of John's is a most suggestive one in that it comes just where it does. Jesus has been associated with His disciples for these nearly three years, and is now turning His face rapidly toward the close of His ministry. He has already broken to them the news of His going, and they are greatly disturbed about it. Now, in the midst of their disturbed minds, He breaks upon them this blessed news: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." That is what He is going for—"I go to prepare a place for you—and therefore, there should be no regret on your part, for that is the object of my going, and I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

A Look Into Heaven. Now, if we would have a fuller description of heaven, we turn over to the seventh chapter of Revelation. Here we have John, this same writer, banished upon the Isle of Patmos, with no one for his companion but God and the Spirit; and, with his mind touched by the Spirit of inspiration, there is pulled ajar the curtain that separates the mainland of time from the great unending sea of eternity; and this man, John, is permitted to see the future worlds—for he sees both worlds. In

this great book, he gives descriptions of both worlds—he sees heaven, he sees hell—and here in this chapter he is giving just a little glimpse of what he saw in heaven; and it is enough to inspire us with a greater desire, and to lift from us a louder shout than we could have made, had we not had this letter.

You will see, as you look at it, that he says of heaven that it is a place with a great crowd. "I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number." A great crowd! I do not know how it is with you, but with me that is very interesting, and makes heaven, to me, very attractive. I love a crowd. I hate to be left alone. The devil could not put me in a worse hell than on some island where I could not have anybody to associate with. I had almost as soon be in hell, as in Holland in that old castle that just contains the Kaiser and his household. So, the first thing that John says to us with regard to this vision, given him by the Spirit, of the home of the soul of the redeemed, is that it is a place with a great crowd, so great that they cannot be numbered.

A Cosmopolitan Crowd. And then you will observe the next thing that he says: It is not only a place with a great crowd, but it is a cosmopolitan crowd. It is of all nations, and all peoples, and all tongues. I like that, too. I do not know what some people in this country of ours will say if they ever get to heaven, for they talk like this: "America for Americans!"

I never had this so strongly impressed upon my mind, the error of such narrowness, as I did in the

early days of my ministry. I attended a great national convention of young Christian workers. It was the largest gathering, up to that time, I had ever seen. We met under a tent, and the hot August sun made us feel like we were in fire itself. Before the convening of that convention, there was considerable agitation, particularly in the South, with regard to admitting colored delegates. Although it was a religious convention of a national character, there was considerable objection to having any colored representation, whatever, in the gathering. I lived in Virginia at that time, and my Virginia friends were opposed, and I was as much opposed as they, to admitting colored representatives. But we lost out, those of us down South, and they were allowed representation. We went, and they went.

I sat with my delegation, and opposite us, on the other side of the aisle, sat the Pennsylvania delegation. Next the aisle, in the row of seats I was on, was a beautiful, delicate Virginia girl, and just across the aisle from where she sat, at the end of one of the pews of the Pennsylvania delegation, sat a great big, huge giant of a negro, as black as black could be. He was over six feet tall, about the biggest man I think I ever saw. I looked at him, and I looked at this girl, and I changed seats with her. After a while, the chairman of that body arose, and said: "Now this is the greatest gathering of religious people I have ever seen, and we are all going to stand and sing, 'Blest Be The Tie That Binds,' and before we sing it, we are all going to join hands, everybody in the tent, across the aisles, everywhere." And they be-

gan to join hands all around. I stood there, stubborn as a mule, and when everybody was joined, as the leader thought, I looked at that fellow's hand, big, like a great ham of meat hanging by his side, and I said to myself, "I will not do it." Then they struck out, "Blest be the tie that binds," and how they did lift that old song! They sang the first verse. I did not sing it. The speaker said, "At the second verse, everybody will lift hands as high as they can," and everybody lifted that did lift. Finally, a fellow from the Pennsylvania crowd leaned over to me and said, "Why don't you join hands?" I said, "None of your business!"

We started on the second verse. About half way through, something said to me, "Your prejudice may intercept and destroy a spiritual atmosphere here—but, his hand is already up, now, and you can't reach it!" Again the chairman spoke: "When we sing the last verse, everybody is going to stand on tiptoe, and shake;" and I said to myself, "If you don't hush up, you are going to ruin me!" But God helped me to get the victory over my fool prejudice, and I said to the negro: "Give me your hand!" And he drew it down to mine, and took my hand and swallowed it up in his, and then we shot them up together, and what a shake we did have!

I am no advocate for mixed races, and thoroughly approve the separation of schools and churches. It is as much to their interest as to ours. It is all-important that it should be so for the good of both races. But, I tell you, in the light of heaven, there are times when, for great inspiration and helpful

service, the whole people of God, without regard to race or color, ought to get together and praise God, and the man too narrow to see that, is too small to be found in heaven!

I believe in giving the Negro his dues, and I believe in giving every race of mankind that bears the creative touch of an infinite God, his dues. We have got to meet in the judgment, we have got to live together in eternity; and there are some things to settle up before we get there. God help us to do our duty in all this great race problem!

Rejoicing and Blood Washed. Another thing about what John saw: He saw a rejoicing crowd. They were praising God, and shouting, "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever."

That is what they are doing in heaven! I wonder how some fastidious people will feel if they get inside of heaven with that condition of things going on? If a man were to break out in most any of our churches to-day, and shout, "Glory; Hallelujah!" the officers would be called upon to put him out.

Now look what John says further: He says he saw a blood-washed crowd. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." (That word "tribulation" comes from the Latin word, *tribulum*, and means a threshing machine.) They have washed their robes, and made them white "in the blood of the Lamb." If you go back a little further in John's account, you will see

that each of these that he saw in heaven had on a white robe, and white is a sign of purity; and they had palms in their hands. Palms stand for victory.

Now where did they get their white robes and their palms of victory? They got them by and through "the blood of the Lamb." My friends, let me say again, there is one key, and but one key, that will unlock the door of heaven for a soul, and that key is the Cross of Jesus. Without it there is no unlocking of heaven's door. Jesus died on Calvary, and in His death He fashioned a key that unlocks the door that will admit the whole race of mankind to heaven, if they will use it. That is how these that John saw got there. They got their white robes and their palms of victory, not by what the world calls good deeds; they got them through and by the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. That is why I love to go up and down the length and breadth of this land and preach the Cross. I have something to preach, a message to tell this lost world. With full confidence, I can tell the world that faith in the atoning cross of Jesus will unlock the door to heaven.

Satisfied and Tearless. I want you to observe another thing: John saw a satisfied crowd. How that encourages us! Listen to John's word about that. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Could anything be more encouraging to this distracted and dissatisfied world

in which we are living to-day, than that? Oh! this restless world, sick and sore and heartsick and hungry, can there be any word more filled with hope and courage than that that John gives us in the closing part of this remarkable description? "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

✓ A number of years ago I had in my church a young fellow. He was an all-round good fellow, but very timid, and never did any church work in his life. We used to go hunting together, and we would talk about everything except religion. I was his pastor, and it came over me one night, out in the woods, on our pallet, that I had not done my duty to him, and I said: "Tom, why don't you do something in the church?" "I don't know how," he replied. "You could usher," I said. "Usher!" he said, "it would scare me to death; and, besides, the deacons in the church do all the ushering." But he tried it, just to show me that he could not. And he became one of the finest ushers that a church ever had.

After a while, he was taken sick, and his doctor came to see me, knowing of our affection, and told me that he had galloping consumption (as it was called in those days), and that he would not live six weeks longer. I went to see him. I went again and again. Finally, one day, his brother came and said to me: "Mother wants you to come over and see Tom." And when I reached the house, she said: "I want you to go in and talk to him about his future. He cannot live long, and he has never said a word about it." I went in. It was awfully hard for me to talk to him in that way—it always is, under such

circumstances. His cheeks were red with the hectic flush that comes just at that particular time with such people, and his jaws were sunken; his eyes had fallen away back in their sockets, and his lips were pale almost as death, and his long, thin, bony hand looked like the hand of death. After a while, I said, "Tom, I have to go. Would you like for me to read the Bible to you before I go, and have prayer with you?" "Yes," he said. "What would you like for me to read?" "The seventh chapter of John's Revelation," he replied. And I turned and read it; and when I came to the last clause in that last verse, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," I knelt by his bedside, and took his hands in mine, and I tried to pray, but I could not. When I got up, I saw what I had never seen before, in him. I looked down, and those great eye sockets were filled with tears. Soon they gushed out, and ran down his cheeks in a stream, and his lips quivered. I reached over and pressed my soft silk handkerchief down in his eye sockets, and wiped his cheeks, until they were dry. Then I took his hand in mine to say good-bye. And, as I did so, without any quiver of his hand or his lips, his eyes gushed forth again with tears, and he said, as he looked into my face, "Doctor, the next time they are wiped, they will be wiped in heaven by the finger of God."

That night he died. And, tonight, while we are here, and I am talking about him, he is with Christ, doubtless looking down upon this scene, and maybe hearing what I say, as I tell the simple story of his faith in the atoning work of Christ.

“THE LAND OF NO TEARS”

God shall wipe away all Tears
Rev 7:17

CHAPTER V

"THE LAND OF NO TEARS"

Text: John 14: 1-3—"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

The human race has ever moved its way in the midst of tears. We speak of this life, in poetic phrase, as a vale of tears, and it is true. The man who has passed beyond the experience where he can shed tears, is to be greatly pitied. Henry Ward Beecher, in that great sermon of his on "The Language of a Tear," says: "I never knew of but two men that boasted that so far as they knew, they had never shed a tear; and I watched the career of those two men, and one of them died in a lunatic asylum, and the other spent his life in the penitentiary." And he went on to conclude, that the man who had gotten so sordid as not to be able to cry, was an abnormal man. And yet, there are men to-day that take great pleasure in speaking of their ability to keep back their tears, and in speaking critically of those who are not thus able.

Perhaps the greatest man that England ever produced was Gladstone. Certainly the Britishers will say that they had in him the greatest of all their

statesmen. Mr. Gladstone was a man of great and tremendous mental power, and, likewise, a man of strong physical physique, and also a man of great religious experience. But one of the most marked things about Mr. Gladstone was his easy tear-shedding. It was said by those who were associated with him in the Cabinet, that oftentimes as they would sit together around the table and meditate on England's national problems, he would drop his head, and take his handkerchief and wipe the tears from his eyes.

On one occasion, Mr. Gladstone, as he approached the House of Parliament, when he was Prime Minister, was seen to stop at the front door and talk with the street sweeper, who had been engaged in that business at that same place for a number of years—quite an old man. And as he stood there talking, he learned of the death of this man's wife; and as the street sweeper told him of her splendid and beautiful career, and how she had helped him in his hard struggle, the great statesman took his handkerchief out, and wept like a child. Many of his critics called this an expression of his weakness. As a matter of fact, it was an expression of the strength of the man.

I want to say that the man who has gone from tear experience has gone to an extremely dangerous state.

Jesus was a normal man, and on two occasions we have him pictured as weeping; once, over Jerusalem, and the other at the grave of a dear friend. When He beheld the sobbing and weeping of his friend's sisters His own heart was touched to the extent that he wept with them around the grave side. And if

Jesus did not think it a little thing to have His heart so touched, what about us?

We find that there are many kinds of tears, that we might consider, but we can mention just a few of them—just a few.

Disappointed Friendships. First of all, there are tears that come to us through the disappointment of friends. Friendship is one of the sweetest relationships in all the world. We use the word very carelessly. We speak of our acquaintances as friends, but to have a friend is to have one who would die for you. Some one defines friendship like this: "That something in one that will enable him to ride by the side of another on a railroad train, and not speak a word, and not be spoken to, and still be just the same." There is a vast deal in that. That something that does not admit of apology; that something that will enable you to speak if necessary, or not to speak if necessary, and to feel perfectly assured that you are understood, and not criticized if you do speak or do not speak. That is friendship. And I say, to have such a one is a great blessing, and a rare blessing. We have very few such friends, but we do have some. And, to be disappointed, at last, in them, or have them disappoint us, is one of the greatest trials that life has to overcome.

I think that one of the things that made Jesus sweat in Gethsemane was His disappointment in His disciples. He had had those men with Him through all those three years; He had fed them and clothed them, and done everything for them; and, in that hour, of all others, He needed their watchfulness

most. And, yet, those men could not watch with Him while He suffered the agony of the approaching cross; and knowing that fact, His heart was broken. No wonder it was so. And it is so with all of us, when we have a friend turn his back on us just when we need him most. So we have tears and sorrows that come as the result of disappointments of friendships.

Blasted Hopes. And then there are tears that come from blasted hopes. How many there are that have wept over the blasting of their hopes! I am, particularly, thinking of one that presses upon my mind.

It was when I lived in Atlanta. It took place in our hospital. A mother was brought in to be operated on, and the doctors told her that they were very doubtful of their ability to pull her through. When the nurse went the next day, to prepare her for the operating room, she said: "Please when you get there to my knees, don't think anything strange of those blue spots on my knees." "What does it mean?" the nurse asked, for there were huge blue spots on both her knees. "I have a son," she said, "he has been the greatest disappointment of my life. He grew up with great prospects. All our hopes were centered upon him. Finally, he left home, and I do not know where he is, but I have no doubt that he still lives somewhere; and when the doctors told me that perhaps I would not pass through this operation alive, I spent the whole night on my knees by the side of my bed, pouring my heart out to God, for my boy. And I wish, before I go on that operating

table, that I might get some token that would revive my hopes that have been almost entirely blasted."

But they did not operate on her that morning. The operation was postponed until the next day; and then again, and again. In the meantime, on the morning of the third day, there turned up in that hospital, a young man—that mother's son. He had, up yonder in Cincinnati, attended a little Salvation Army meeting. He had gone there to see if he might find food, and if possible a bed in which he could spend the night. And while he was there, he heard a girl sing a simple gospel solo that went to his heart; and before he left, he gave his heart to Christ. When he told his story to the Salvation Army people, they got up money and sent him to Atlanta. He supposed that she still lived there, and went to the old address. He was told that she was at the hospital, and he came over there. I happened to be in the hospital that morning, and I went up with him to his mother's room, but I did not dare go inside. I opened the door and turned him into the arms of his almost dying mother. Before the blue spots on her knees had faded away, her hopes had been revived.

Shattered Health. Then there are the tears that come as the result of shattered health. I can hardly conceive of anything that is more calculated to disturb one's peace of mind than the realization of shattered health, especially in the vigor and prime of life.

When I was pastor in London, I had a young fellow in my church who graduated with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Lon-

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around us are thrown into by virtue of the loss of their health. I do not think we are as careful to look up those unfortunate ones as we should be. You remember that is one of the things that Christ did. He sought out those who were sick and unfortunate, and healed them, and helped them, and blessed them. Oh! what a great blessing it would be to them if you would call, and if you would take with you just a simple flower, and with it a smile! It is when the church of Christ gives itself to work of this kind that she is going to find herself. There is nothing that so masters the heart of man—and that means the whole of man—as such attention. The world looks on and sees it, and the world says, "That is what Christ is like."

The Visit of Death. One other thing I would say. There are the tears that come as the result of the visit of death. We all have passed through that experience at some time, in some way. And there will be the tear shedding.

But, I thank God that beyond all this, and the hundred thousands of other things, there is a land to which we are going, through Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord, a land where there are no tears; for John, in that wonderful apocalyptic letter of his, when he looked in and saw the movements of heaven, declared, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." And, Beloved, it is toward this tearless land that we are journeying. Some of us are going much faster than others, perhaps faster than we realize; some, maybe, a long way off. But whether the distance is short or long, we are all

headed for that tearless land, if we are in Christ Jesus, the Lord; and some day we are going to come to the place where there will be no disappointments of friendship, no blasted hopes, no shattered health; where there will be no more aches and pains, no more death, and no more sorrow; where we will bask together in the light of the unsetting sun. Jesus Christ will be our light, and we shall spend a countless eternity, serving Him day and night in His temple.

May God grant that every one of us may become citizens of that land where there are no tears, is my prayer, for Christ's sake!

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“HEAVENLY RECOGNITION”

CHAPTER VI

"HEAVENLY RECOGNITION" SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

Text: 2 Samuel 12: 23—"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

I want, first of all, to present to you the picture of which this text is a part. I want to take you with me back through the dim corridors of time, to the palatial home of the greatest king that Israel ever had. You will find that it is a magnificent structure, with its great stone columns, and many courts, and long corridors, and broad halls. Surrounding it are beautiful grounds, with beautiful trees and sweet-scented flowers. Immediately around this palace, we see bands of soldiers, guarding the sacred treasures of Israel, and keeping watch over the king and the whole of the royal household.

I fancy it was during the shades of night, while the soldiers marked time around the palace, that the so-called enemy, Death, approached. He approached unobserved by the soldiers and the attendants upon the king and the household. He passed the line, and entered the door of the palace, and stalked his way down its long halls, and across its broad corridors, and, finally, found his way into the nursery, in which was sleeping the pet son of Israel's great king. He approached the bedside of this child

of fortune, and reached forth his long, bony, chilly fingers, and began to grapple with the strings of his heart.

The king soon realized the presence of Death in his home, and called together the wisest men of his realm, with the hope of driving him away. But it was all in vain. He then betook himself to a quiet place, and there stretched himself upon the ground, and refused to eat or drink for days, while he implored Almighty God to drive away this monster. At the end of the seventh day, this great grapple was brought to an end, and the so-called archenemy of the race had succeeded in snapping the brittle thread that held soul and body together, and the child died.

The news was rapidly wafted about the household and among the servants of the palace, but they were afraid to tell the king, because of his intense grief. The king, however, as he lay prostrate on the ground, heard the weeping, and arose and asked, "Is the child dead?" And when he learned that the child was dead, he arose, bathed his face, and took food; and when his servants questioned why he now did this thing, and had fasted and wept while the child yet lived, he exclaimed: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

From that time forward, God's people, as they have come to know and appreciate the words spoken in this text, by David, under inspiration, have taken hope and courage with regard to the future of their sainted dead.

Between Greensboro, North Carolina, and Danville, Virginia, there is the beautiful little city of

Reidsville. In that city, I lived. In that city, there passed away our little girl. Within sight of the railway train, as you pass through the city, is the cemetery, and in that cemetery, close to the brow of the hill, is buried the body of our little girl. I never pass there in the daytime, when I can look out through the window over the graves that have dotted the cemetery since I left there, to the summit of the hill where the body of our little girl lies, awaiting the resurrection morn, that I do not think of this text. I realize that, somehow, I shall go to her, but she will not return to me.

And, so it has been with hundreds and thousands of God's people, in all parts of the world. They have been comforted, I repeat, and cheered, as they have thought and meditated upon the inspired conception that throbbed in the heart of David, the king, as he expressed it in this text.

I know there are those that say to us that such a thing as heavenly recognition is absurd, from the fact that heaven is too big—and heaven is big. If you turn to the apocalyptic letter, and read what the inspired writer has to say of it, you will see something of the immenseness of heaven. John says, "I saw thousands and thousands, ten thousand times ten thousand." And, finally, figures all broke down, and he said, "A great multitude, which no man could number." This gives you something of the bigness of heaven. He begins, John does, with thousands, and ends with a numberless multitude.

But listen to me, when I say to you that distance and space mean absolutely nothing. They are words

that will be deleted from our vocabulary, in the days that lie ahead of us; deleted from our vocabulary when the infinite God and Creator of this universe, without any hindrance or limitations by finite man, has in his manipulation all the forces that go to make up the world, the invisible world of forces around us.

Some years ago, the steamship Republic was crossing the Atlantic ocean, when she took fire. She was filled with passengers, and it was very certain that not one-half of her number could be saved. There was a fog resting upon the sea. Jack Bains was the man in charge of the Marconi office of the Republic, and as soon as he found the ship was on fire, he began sending out the S O S call. As quickly as the instrument could take it, that call went hurrying out over the ether sea that fills all the space around the worlds. There was one ship that was keyed so as to receive that call, and that happened to be near by, the Oceanic. She heard the call for help and turned herself in direction of it, and hurriedly plowed her way through the foggy sea, until she came alongside, and delivered every one of the passengers.

That is how the unfolding of just this little bit of God's mystery in this, at present, undiscovered world of space, has helped to abolish space, and bring all mankind within almost whisper tones. And here we are, now, in the day of the radio. The other day, the President's message delivered to Congress, was heard, and by word understood, by one and a half millions of people in the United States. They heard it with as clear enunciation as if they had been sitting in a theater listening to that man's

speech in Washington. Space has been abolished, already abolished in the revelation of the marvelous mysteries of God. When the infinite God gets ready, and untwists the tangled threads of mystery, all the world will be converted into a whisper gallery.

And, as for recognition of people in this great marvelous outstretch of space, why, we have already reached that far. By the use of the radiograph, one can send a picture from London to Jacksonville in a flash. You may wake up tomorrow morning and find your picture in London. It is soon coming to pass, and I expect to live to see the day, when we will be able not only to take up a telephone and talk without wires, to any person anywhere in the universe where preparation for the reception of the message has been made; but we will be able to see their faces, as we talk, and know and recognize them all in this imperfect hour. God Almighty, through the operation of scientific men, is bringing us together as one great family, where we can commune each with the other. And, if that is true here, what will it be there?

Again, there are those who will say that such a thing as recognizing our friends and loved ones is unreasonable, because we shall be so absorbed in the magnificence of heaven's beauty. It is beautiful. When the curtain of time was pulled aside, and John was allowed to see heaven, here is what he saw: "The city was pure gold, like unto glass. And the foundations of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalced-

ony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst." And then he describes the gates of the city: "The twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was one of pearl; and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass." Beautiful! Can you imagine anything more beautiful? Think of a city like that! If this is figurative language, you may rest assured that the thing itself is far beyond the figure. That is the purpose of a figure of speech—to show forth in picture that which language is incapable of presenting. Now take them in couplets as I have read them, and fancy, in the light of the glory world, each of these flashing its own peculiar light, one on the other! Fancy with me, friends, a light that is made by the blending of all the various colors that are produced by these several gems—and what do you have? A light, the beauty of which out-rivals ten thousand of earth's greatest and most magnificent sunsets—that is what you have! That is what John saw.

But does the beauty of heaven in any way make unreasonable the recognition of our loved ones who have been redeemed by the blood of Christ? Nay! For there is one gem that is not mentioned here. It is not mineral in its make-up. One gem that will out-shine all that is here described in this apocalyptic vision—it is the gem of love. For it, men have given their lives. For it, Almighty God robbed heaven of its Prince, and brought Him to this earth,

and gave Him to die upon the cross for the redemption of man. Love!

When I see, in the beauty of heaven's light, the face and features of my sainted mother, and feel, as I shall, the revival of childhood's affection and love, I will see a light that will be more luminous, more beautiful, than all the combined glory of the gems of heaven.

Talmage was once asked by a woman who had just buried a very precious daughter, a Christian girl, "Dr. Talmage, do you really think that I shall ever look into her face and recognize her?" He said, "What do you think of heaven, woman? Is heaven a subtraction, or is it an addition? Are we to be bigger fools in heaven than we are on earth? Do you think we will know less in heaven than we do here? All that is beautiful will be gathered up, and all that is beautiful will be magnified in the growing beauty of the years, but she will be yours; she will be yours in memory, and yours in knowledge. Heaven is an addition, not a subtraction."

But I want to get back to the Scriptures, back in the Old Testament. Very little is directly said about this matter, but the implications are so strong that they weigh more than direct references.

You read in connection with all the patriarchal deaths, something like this: "And they were gathered to be with their fathers." You come, finally, to the words of our text; and David was not speaking merely as the sentimental, broken-hearted man, over the loss of his child, but under the inspiration of the Spirit of God, as much as in any other utter-

ance he ever made, a word of assurance, not only to his own heart, but to all whose eyes might, hereafter, fall upon it. "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

We come to Jesus Christ, on the Mount of Transfiguration, and we find, with him and the three disciples, Moses and Elias, called back from the spirit world by Christ; and they are recognized by Peter, James and John, not merely as two spirits that have come from the spirit world! They are Moses, the author of the Law, and Elias, the head of the Prophets. Elias, you will remember, was taken up in a chariot of fire, given a spiritual body, and translated, never having seen death. Moses died upon Nebo, and was buried, but his body has never been found; and my own personal view is that he was immediately resurrected. They were with Jesus. They were seen and known by these others, although they had not known them on earth. They knew them by their conversation with Jesus. Doubtless they talked in Greek, the language of Peter and James and John, though they had died Hebrews, and spoke that language while on earth; but, somehow, these students, Moses and Elias, had learned the language of the disciples, and spoke it on the Mount of Transfiguration.

We come to the apocalyptic vision. John saw the men who had been associated with him, in the great throng, so great that no man could number it. In the midst of that great throng, John saw these men who had been beheaded, whom he had known in the world as witnesses for the Christ for whom he

was bearing testimony. These are the men, among the rest in the great numberless multitude, that the inspired eye of John was enabled to see and know.

To my personal heart, there is nothing more clear, and reasonably satisfying, than the hope that we have, that in the beyond that we call heaven, somewhere, wherever it may be, separated from us for the moment by the thin veil of time, in that just-out-yonder world of space, into which we shall soon enter, there are hundreds and thousands that our spirit eyes will recognize and know.

And, then, just a word further: the testimony of departing saints: I shall never forget it. It was an experience, many years ago, in the city of Richmond. I was there on a mission with one of the churches of that city, engaged for a number of days in preaching. It was not long after I had given up my profession as a doctor, and had entered the ministry. I received a note, one morning, at my hotel, calling me to a hospital in that city to see a dying woman. The name signed to that note was very familiar to me. I had been his family doctor for the few years of my practice. I had been with him and his wife through some terrible physical struggles. He was not a Christian. She was the most godly woman, in many respects, that I ever knew. I thought of her, as in the past she had moved up and down the streets of the city with baskets on her arms, carrying things to the poor children of the city. She was known as our Good Samaritan, and I hurried over to the place to see her.

We went in. It was early in the morning. The nurse was there, on one side, tenderly ministering to her needs. She was perfectly calm and quiet. I sat down by her side, her husband standing at the foot of the bed. After we had had a few words, with a clear and absolutely understanding voice, she said: "I have sent for you to have a little last word, that you may pass it on through this world, as you go up and down and preach. I want you to carry it as you go, and you know I am not a fanatic. Last night, I lay here on this bed; I persuaded the nurse to lie down on the cot there, and I begged my husband to lie down on the cot on the other side, and try to sleep, and I promised that I would sleep. But I did not. The moon came up and streamed through that window, making this room almost as light as it is now, and I lay here with my eyes half closed. After a while, I felt something fan my brow, and I thought it was the wind. But I opened my eyes, and saw that the window was closed. I closed my eyes again, and again I felt a breeze about my head, very gentle at first; then more distinct it came, until, at last, I opened my eyes again. And, as I opened them, I saw something wave in this room just beyond my reach. Do you remember our little baby girl that was named for you?" "Where is she?" I said. "Six months ago she passed away—beautiful child! She passed away with a smile upon her face, so wonderful that everybody stood amazed that saw it. What I am coming to tell you is this: I continued to watch. A very mysterious thing at first! It began to unwind, like a delicate silken veil, until

behind it there shone out the face of my child, and she just looked at me and smiled, exactly like she did when she went. She was just like she was, only more beautiful. She remained there for a moment, and I called to her, then I rose up; and my calling awoke the nurse, and awoke my husband, and she passed away. And, I shall see her in like manner before noon to-day. She will be my child, and I will be her mother, as in the months ago."

I said, "I will tell it wherever I go." And I have told it, and I am telling it tonight, telling it because I believe it, telling it not only that I may comfort you, but that I may stir you for preparation for this most wonderful life.

“AN ETERNAL HELL”

CHAPTER VII

"AN ETERNAL HELL—WHAT OF THE FIRE?"

Texts: Matthew 25: 30—"Cast ye the unprofitable servant into the outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Matthew 13: 40-42—"So shall it be in the end of this world. The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Luke 13: 27, 28—"He shall say, I tell you, I know you not whence you are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out."

Matthew 25: 41—"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

Mark 9: 44—"Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Matthew 10: 28—"Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

Revelation 20: 15—"Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

Revelation 14: 10, 11—"He shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb: and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever: and they have no rest day nor night."

I am to speak to you to-night on Hell—What of the Fire? And I am aware of the fact that there are a great many good people that do not appreciate a message of this sort.

I remember, on one occasion, when Dr. R. A. Torrey was conducting a great union evangelistic service in Atlanta, he announced one night that he would,

on the following night, preach on Hell; and that night when he came to give his message, the house was not half full, although it was as good a night as the previous one. The explanation of it was that many people did not want to have their feelings pricked. They did not want the sting that a message of that kind would bring. And, I must say, that I shared in that feeling myself. I find myself, more and more, disposed to leave out considering subjects of this character, teaching of this line. And yet, my friends, one must be true to the teaching of the Word, if he is to teach at all, and it is impossible for us to consider the general theme of these Sunday evening hours, "Soul Consciousness After Death," without giving consideration to this phase of it; and, after all, I do not know but that we would be very much better off, and the church would make very much faster progress, and souls would be saved in larger numbers than they are, if we were more like our fathers, and preached the truth as we find it in the Word of God, without regard to the sentiments of the people to whom we preach.

A number of years ago, a minister was conducting a meeting for a brother minister of his. He announced that on a certain afternoon he would preach on Hell. The pastor of the church remonstrated with the visiting minister, who was doing the preaching. He told him that the people that attended the afternoon services were people that wanted their souls fed; they were Christian people, hungering for food; they were hungering for food that they might grow stronger in the grace of the Lord Jesus, and

find something to help them with the problems of life. But the preacher said, "I am led to do it, and I am going to do it."

The pastor of the church, of course, was there, and so was his wife. They had a son, the brightest boy in the town. He stood at the very first in the high school of the town, but a boy who had never made any profession of religion, and had never taken any special interest in religious things. He attended the services because his father was the preacher, but that was about as far as his interest had gone. He certainly had manifested no determination to become a Christian.

As the preacher talked that day about hell, the mother of that boy was brought to her knees in prayer for his salvation. She said, herself, afterwards, that never before had she seen her boy lost to hell, lost! Just waiting the snapping of the thread of life to land him in an endless hell; her boy!

She went straight from that meeting back home; and when her husband got there, he found her in tears and prayer, and she told him the story of her heart. He said, "My own heart was stirred much in the same way. I propose that between now and night, we spend the time in prayer; that we pray God to save our boy tonight."

The boy had not attended one of the evening services. He spent the time studying his lessons. They spent that afternoon in prayer. They did not ask the lad to go with them to church. They went. The pastor of the church sat on the platform. Just before the minister got up to preach, the father saw

the door open, and the boy enter. He took a seat by the wall. As soon as the benediction was said, the boy made straight out of the door; went home, and gave himself up to his books. When the father and mother got home, they sat and talked a bit about the service, and then decided that they would pray the whole of that night, while the lad, as they thought, was asleep upstairs in his room.

Towards morning, the wife said to her husband, "I think you had better try and sleep a bit," and he said, "You had best do so, too." So they dropped down, and tried to sleep. Their hearts had been stirred with the truth that somehow had never burned in their hearts before.

When breakfast was prepared, the father went upstairs to call the lad. When he got to his door, and opened it, the lad was kneeling by the bedside. He looked up and saw his father, and his face was radiant. He looked into his father's face, then sprang upon his feet, threw his arms around his father's neck, and said, "I have this night given my heart to Christ, and have spent the night in prayer and praise. I did not want to waken you and mother, so I just spent the night rejoicing." You can imagine what took place when they got downstairs.

They soon gathered around the fireside for morning prayer. There were three sisters in that home, none Christians. Father led the prayer, then mother, and then the boy prayed God for his sisters to be saved; and, there, around that family altar, they, too, were saved.

I have told you that story because I want to arouse in you, if I can, what I consider to be a great need in our Bible teaching to-day. We need to have it punctured with these eternal verities, though they do cut and burn. This thing we call "feeding souls" is nothing, oftentimes, more or less than a narcotic—something to make us feel good, and let us go to sleep without being disturbed. And, we can put the souls of our people to sleep even by the most perfect Bible teaching that the world ever knew, so long as we do not touch on lines that disturb. That lad that was converted as the result of that sermon, though he did not hear it, is to-day one of our greatest preachers in this country, and has a number of times presided over our great religious Conventions.

Now, beloved, I want, too, to say that if you are not under the blood of Christ Jesus, you are lost, and to be lost means hell. And, I want, too, to say that if that child of yours is not under the blood of Christ, and has reached the period of personal responsibility, that child is lost, and being lost makes that child a subject of hell. A passing automobile may hurl it into eternity, lost forever! And then what? Then, you will want a narcotic; then, it will be too late! God help us to do this tonight in the spirit of that love that gave Jesus Christ to the world!

From the Scriptures we learn two certain things about hell. We learn, first of all, that it is a place; I do not know where, but a place somewhere, where the souls of men and women that have gone out of life without Christ are to spend an endless eternity.

We are not going to stop at all to quibble over words. We could spend the hour in this kind of thing. But let us say that there are three great words in the New Testament which are translated "hell." "Hades," which means the world of departed spirits, with the gulf fixed between the good and the bad. "Tartarus," which means the underworld of darkness; and then, "Gehenna," which means the everlasting burning. That is the word that was used, particularly with reference to the fires of everlasting burning in the valley of Gehenna, just outside of Jerusalem, where the garbage of the city was dumped; and where the fire of consuming never went out. But we are not going to stop to quibble about these things. I have read to you enough tonight, to enable you to see that somewhere there is a place in which the unsaved are to be forever imprisoned.

Then there is another thing about it that we learn: **it is a place of torment.** The picture that is presented in the case of Dives and Lazarus gives to us something of the nature of that torment. Dives opened his eyes in hell, being in torment, and cried for just a drop of water to cool his parched tongue, for he declared that he was tormented in the flames. Somebody raises the question at once, "Is that to be interpreted literally? Is hell a place of literal fire, in which there is to be a literal burning, that never ends? Is that true?" I do not know.

Somebody says, "I think it is figurative language." It may be. I think perhaps it is figurative, but that is only what I think. But this I know. If it is figurative, that does not help, that does not lessen the tor-

ment. Every man and woman here tonight who has ever studied rhetoric knows that it is a principle of rhetoric that a figure of speech is never used until it is found impossible to give any adequate conception without it. If, therefore, this is figurative language, this fire, this brimstone, this everlasting burning, if this is figurative,—oh, hear me!— the thing, itself, is so much more terrible than the figure of fire, that fire is used with the hope of conveying at least some conception of the nature of its suffering. Fire!—more than fire, worse than fire, if it is a figure of speech.

Certainly, there is one thing true about it. It is a place of the punishment of memory, we may call it what we like—call it conscience. Can there be anything worse? Can fire be any worse?

I was once preaching in Richmond, a number of years ago, and a young woman of that city, of very high social standing, and financial standing, asked to have a private interview with me. It was granted. She said: "I have been attending these services, and I am all smashed to pieces. The fact is, I have been a physical and mental wreck for the last ten years. I know what is the matter, and I have come to ask if I may tell it out to you." "Yes," said I, "if you do not tell it to me in any confessional sense. I am no priest." Then I added: "Tell it to Jesus. Never mind what any man tells you, remember that he is your Confessor, and he presides over the confessional box for you, and not any preacher, or priest, or friend." She said: "I just feel, somehow, that I want you to tell me what to do. Just look at me, now,

all in a tremble, and that is the way I live. They don't know what is the matter with me." "Are you a Christian?" I asked. "No." "Have you ever been?" "Never. I want to tell you what this thing is." "Go ahead," I said.

"When I was a girl in college, I stole from a girl her diploma. That is, I stole her papers, and signed my name to them, and signed her name to mine." Then she went on to tell me how it was done. "That girl who received my papers failed, because I failed. I knew I would. And I got my diploma, which was her diploma, and I have it now, and every time I see that diploma, I burn worse than I could in hell. I am in hell. What am I going to do?" "Where is she?" I asked. "She is dead. She died with a discouraged and broken heart. She was an orphan girl, picked up and educated by some friends. They are all dead, I know no one who is in any way in touch with that girl's past. She went out west, and she died. What am I to do with that diploma?" "That is not the question. What are you going to do with your heart?" I said. "That is the question. You take Christ in your heart. Let your diploma hang where it is. He will tell you what to do with it; you will not need me."

I worked with her for three days on that line. I held her strongly to it. "I will not discuss with you your sin problem, but I will discuss with you the need of Christ in your heart. He, if received by faith, honestly, into your heart, will do what is needed to be done for you."

Oh, I am tired seeing the world screwed up by the church to certain church laws and regulations, when we have got over us and in us, Jesus, who is offered to us as Lord and Master, and Governor of our lives. He will tell us what to do, and how to do it. What this old world needs, beloved, is the preaching of the lordship of Jesus, much more than it does the lordship of human statutes, whether they be made by the State, or the Nation, or the Church. Every man is a citizen, if he is Christ's, by His blood, of a kingdom; and he, Jesus, is the king, and would be the director and regulator and governor, of every life.

Finally, she did what I told her to do, and she did it whole-heartedly. He took charge of the diploma problem. And He will take charge of yours, and, mine. He may not settle it just like He did some one else's, but He will settle it, if you give Him a chance; and He will settle it right.

Now, you fancy that mind of remorse that she had! Fancy that experience of suffering for ten years; the burning of the fire of memory, and remorse for what had been done; burning, burning, burning, all through the years. Just picture that going on all through the rest of her life, and on through the rest of time, and on and on and on, through the cycle of eternity. Talk about fire! Play with this business, because you say it is a figure of speech, as if it lessened, when, as a matter of fact, it intensifies it!

Eternity! That word, a great word! We use it flippantly, carelessly. Just fancy, if you will, this

old world making just one revolution every thousand years, and dropping one atom of its matter; one in a thousand years! And take a million years, and ask how long before it is to be wound up and completed? Why, it has not started. There is not a hole in the ground big enough to stick your little finger in. Then go on and on, until imagination breaks down and you come back where you started, and you are with the word *eternity*.

And the greatest remorse of all remorsees in hell, the greatest fire that ever burned, is the consciousness of having wilfully, knowingly, in life turned your back upon Christ, in His loving crucifixion for the redemption of lost men. Through all the cycles of eternity, there will be one thing that will stand before every lost eye; one thing that will flash and flame and live and burn, forever; and that will be the sight of Calvary, with Christ upon the cross. And the one unending wail for the lost of the earth will be, "Oh! if I only had accepted that loving offer and been saved!"

You say, "God is too good to lock us up down there, and give us no chance." I answer, God is too good not to be just, and justice is equivalent to goodness; and justice demands that one who wilfully, knowingly and stubbornly refuses to accept the atoning blood of Christ, so simple, and yet so powerful, and so essential, sends himself to hell. God is not responsible. God robbed heaven of his Son, and gave him as the one great and final sacrifice, whose blood, if accepted by faith, cleanses from all sin. There is no need of any man going out of this

house a citizen of the underworld of darkness, over which presides the devil. No reason why any man should go out, lost; why any who is in this presence to-night should ever send up from the eternal abyss one wail; why any in this presence should not be saved. He, our Christ, is offered; his blood cleanseth from all sin, and makes us citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven.

“SPIRITUALISM AND THE OUIJA BOARD”

CHAPTER VIII

"SPIRITUALISM AND THE OUIJA BOARD IN THE LIGHT OF THE WITCH OF ENDOR"

Text: 1 Samuel 28: 7—"Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and enquire of her. And his servants said to him, Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit in Endor."

It is interesting to see how many good people there are in the world who are influenced by various forms of witchery, so-called "spiritualistic manifestations;" and it is needless for me to say to you who know anything of the teaching of your Bible, that all such is squarely against the Word of God. There is nothing that the Bible speaks against more plainly than all such things. If we go back to the writings of Moses, we find in Leviticus, the 19th chapter, these words: "Ye shall not use enchantments, nor practice augury. . . . Turn ye not unto them that have familiar spirits, nor unto the wizards; seek them not out to be defiled by them: I am Jehovah your God." And then in Deuteronomy, the 18th chapter, Moses speaks again about this matter: "There shall not be found among you any one that . . . useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto

the Lord; and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee." If we come over to the writings of the Apostle Paul, we have very plain words with regard to the same thing. In Galatians, the fifth chapter, the Apostle mentions "sorcery," and puts it in a catalogue with idolatry, drunkenness, and murder, and he warns against it. It must be remembered that Paul and Silas were themselves put in prison because they interfered, as the representatives of God, with the work of witchery that was being practiced in those days. Great systems of religion have been built upon these things. Great fortunes have been made out of them, and great fortunes have been lost by reason of them. Domestic and social relations have been broken up, and forever disregarded, by reason of them. In a city in which I lived, a home was completely wrecked—the wife left the husband—all because she felt that she should do so, as the result of the advice that she obtained from one who claimed the power to interpret spirits.

Now, in spite of all that we have said in the Bible, and in spite of all the disturbances and unrest of the world growing out of various forms of spiritualistic teaching, we have had in these last years a great revival of that sort of thing, and advocates have come and gone, who represent in certain lines the highest type of thinking; it is hard for us to understand, exactly, the way their minds travel.

Many of you, for example, have read that book by Sir Oliver Lodge, entitled, "Raymond." I read it as soon as it came from the press. I had heard Sir

Oliver Lodge, and I had long had the highest regard for his scientific ability. When I finished that book, I said this—and I have not changed my mind since —“That man has lost his reasoning faculties.” And he has. There never came from a printer’s press a book more silly, in my judgment. There is not a thing in it that is even deep enough to engage the attention of a child mind, much less a mature mind. It is an over-wrought imagination, one entirely apart from reason.

The Witch of Endor. Our purpose, tonight, is to consider these various forms of so-called spirit manifestations, in the light of the story of the Witch of Endor. It is one of the most interesting of all stories we find in the Old Testament Scripture, and yet, it is one of the hardest of interpretation unless you get yourself back in the real atmosphere, and study this story.

Saul was the King of Israel. He was the king of the greatest people in all the world, but he was the worst king that the people ever had. He was one of the worst men in all the world. Among other things that he had done during his administration, was the murder of eighty-five priests. There was nothing bad that he had not done, and very little good, and, naturally he had a great hatred for Samuel. To a great extent, Samuel had spent his last years in warning Saul against certain things which he disregarded. And while Saul hated Samuel, who had long been dead at the time of this story, he had great jealousy of David. He saw that David was growing in power, and he knew that he, himself, had

brought wreckage upon his administration; and with the Philistines organized for war on one hand, and David's popularity on the other, his empire was doomed. He was much perturbed about his position, and about his own life as it figured in the break-up of his empire. He tried to go to God, and he could not get to Him. The door was shut. Then he called upon his servants to seek out a woman with a familiar spirit, that he might go to her and perhaps learn something that would calm his fears and quiet his mind; and he was pointed out this Witch of Endor.

We know nothing of this woman save that which we learn in connection with Saul in this story. She must have lived near where Saul and his army camped at that time, for they went there overnight, reaching the place before daytime. We fancy she must have lived on a mountain side, in a little mud hut, and her mud hut must have been reached by a deep, narrow gorge that wound its way through that mountain. Back in that shut-in place, with nobody round about, she must have lived, for it is in just such a place as that we generally find such people. You go to our cities to-day and seek out the women that are known as "fortune tellers"; where do you find them? Generally, on some back alley, hidden away from the crowd, in a dirty, dingy hole.

I want you, with me, to fancy, if you can, this once great man, the present King of Israel, with his mind on fire with fright—he feared for his empire but he feared more for his life—making his way up this winding gorge, through this mountain, to this

mud hut, disguised, in the darkness of the night, lest some one might discover him and put an end to his life, and see him as he approached—Saul, King of Israel, but disguised, wearing a mask! God pity a man that wears a mask, in a civilized land! He approached the door. As he approached it, there appeared at the door this old witch.

You get a picture of her. Have you ever seen one? A woman with stooped shoulders, bleared eyes, smoke-dried skin, snagged tooth, sunken jaw—as near a picture of the devil as you can imagine. That old thing approaches the door, and faces whom? The King of Israel! But the king whose life has set his heart on fire, and deranged his brain, obsessed with fear. And she says, “What would you have?” He said, “I want Samuel called back.” Why Samuel? He had hated Samuel, but he knew Samuel’s goodness, and it is a remarkable fact that under such circumstances men always go for a man whose goodness they recognize. They curse the man, but they remember his goodness when the time of need comes.

Then this old hag, known as the Witch of Endor, begins her “cantankerations,” and when she presumes to see some one, she says to Saul: “Why have you deceived me? You are behind a mask, but you are Saul.” He said: “Do not be afraid. I am not going to hurt you. I just want Samuel. Who is it that you see?” She said, “I see an old man with a mantle.” And Saul said, “It is Samuel!! It is Samuel!” Then begins the supposed conversation between Saul and the ghost of Samuel. Mark you, I

say the "supposed conversation" between Saul and the ghost of Samuel. It is "supposed," for all we read here is out of the heart of Saul. The supposed ghost of Samuel speaks to Saul: "Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" That is what Saul says when this old witch says to him, "Now I have got Samuel. Talk to him." And, at once, he fancies out of his own polluted heart and his intense hatred of Samuel, that Samuel speaks, and this is what he naturally supposes that he says. Saul answers: "I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dream: therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do." Then it is said that Samuel speaks again: "Wherefore then dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord hath departed from thee, and is become thine enemy? And the Lord hath done to him, as he spake by me: for the Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand, and given it to thy neighbor, even to David: Because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, nor executedst his fierce wrath upon Amalek, therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day. Moreover, the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines: and tomorrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me: the Lord shall deliver the host of Israel into the hands of the Philistines." These are most wonderful words, and many of them came true. The Philistines did rise up and overpower Saul, and rather than endure defeat, with a cowardly heart, he took his own life.

The Merits of Her Story. Now what of the merits of this witchery? What is there in it? Was it a case of spirit communication? That is our first question. Did the witch actually bring Samuel up, and did Saul actually talk with him, and did he, Samuel, say these things to Saul? That is the story we want to address ourselves to.

Now, to both these questions, I am going to take my courage in my hand, without having time to properly defend it, and declare most positively, "No." It was not a case of spirit communication. The Witch of Endor did not bring Samuel up, nor did Samuel say these words to Saul. First of all, no human power on this earth can call a soul from the other world. This does not mean that the departed spirits may not, under certain circumstances, communicate with the earth. I believe that under certain circumstances spirit communication with the earth is possible. I do not hesitate to say that after my own dear grandfather's death—many years had passed, I was a young man in college—no man can ever make me believe otherwise than that my grandfather's spirit actually came and talked with me.

Many years ago, Mascalyn and Devant, the world-famous illusionists, while conducting entertainments in St. George's Theater, London, came out with this challenge: "We will duplicate anything that these spiritualistic teachers will appear to put over, and we will do it by sheer trickery, for there is nothing in their contentions but trickery." Their challenge was accepted by certain spiritualistic leaders, and in

their seances they put on some wonderful stunts, and the whole of England was stirred to see if what they did could be duplicated by Mascalyn and Devant. "Give us time to prepare ourselves," they said; and when the time came off, they duplicated everything that the spiritualistic presumers put over.

The Explanation of the Mystery. But how are we going really to explain scientifically and satisfactorily the story as we find it here recorded? We are going to explain it first of all in this way. Part of it was pure downright deviltry. We have got to recognize the fact that the devil is the prince of the earth, and that he can work tricks like that, and does it. Many an old witch is the representative of the devil, and doing the things that she does, through the power of the devil. No man can even imagine the power of the devil. We think of the power of the devil as that that brings men into sin, but the devil has power to work upon the inner man in any and every way that will discount and discredit the work of God. The devil was up there where she was.

And, secondly, the description that she gave was like Samuel. She knew what Samuel looked like; it was perfectly easy for her, since Saul, the King, had come to ask for a communication with Samuel, to say, "I have got him, and he is an old man with a mantle." That was like Samuel.

But, thirdly, the trouble with Saul was that he had Samuelitis. The main explanation of this whole story is a psychological one, the same that you see operating in the man who has been drinking to the extent that he has delirium tremens.

I remember when I was a young doctor, in the early part of my career, I was called in to see a man with delirium tremens. The man who came for me said: "He has a pistol and a box of cartridges, and he is trying to kill the devil. We are afraid to go in. We can hear him talking to the devil, and then he will bang away at the devil." "What do you want me to do?" I asked. "You must help us to do something with him. You'll have to go!" I went. We got to the door, and everything was perfectly quiet, and my friend cracked open the door and peeped in, and I saw this great huge able-bodied man, one of the handsomest men I ever knew, crouched in the middle of the floor, looking intently into the corner of the room, with his pistol pointed; and as he crouched there like a lion, he talked with the devil. He answered the questions that the devil put to him, and then he put questions back at the devil, and then he dared the devil to show his head! I thought it was a good time for me not to show mine. After a while I whispered to my friend, "This is the only chance I know to get him. Let's spring right in on him, and seize the pistol!" So in we plunged, knocked him down on his face, got the pistol out of his hand, and with great effort got him to bed, where I began my treatment. Finally, we got him to sleep. During all the while he was talking to the devil, and the devil was talking to him.

Poisoned from Fear and Jealousy. What was the matter with that man? You say he was drunk. Yes, but he was more. He was poisoned from drink. But he was no more poisoned from drink than Saul was

poisoned from fear. He was in a fit of delirium from fear; not from drink; but from fear. He saw the Philistines; he saw his wreckage and his failure, He knew that his end had come. He thought of Samuel, the good man who had advised him with the tenderness of a loving father, and fear and remorse and memory had all blended together and fired his brain, and he saw ghosts; and the ghost that he saw was the man whose advice he had spurned.

That is the story; and that is the philosophy of it. In it all, the devil figured, and in all such, the devil figures. There is nothing, to-day, that is having more to do with the hindrance of the happiness and the prosperity of the race of man than fear and jealousy.

Science has recently discovered that as the result of two things the mind of man is made more deranged than as the result of anything else in the world—fear and jealousy.

Under experiment, it has been discovered that in fear there is generated a germ that comes from no other condition in life, that sets the brain on fire in proportion to the extent of the fright; and many a man, from fear that the world outside never dreamed that he had, has Saul-like plunged himself into eternity, and as he did so, he saw the grinning, haunting ghost of the thing that he had feared.

And jealousy—it has been discovered, under certain conditions, that jealousy generates a germ that eats up will power like a sponge takes up water.

Saul had both these troubles. He had jealous rage of David. He had fear for his life. He saw the

gleaming, glittering spear in the hand of his enemy, as it was ready to be thrust into his heart, and he trembled and staggered, drunk with fear. That is the explanation of the ghost business.

My friends, there is but one spiritualism that this world needs, and that is the spiritualism of which Paul speaks when he says: "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

“THE RISEN CHRIST”

CHAPTER IX

"THE RISEN CHRIST"

Text: John 20: 18—"I have seen the Lord."

It was a dark week that preceded the utterance of these words. Clouds had overshadowed Jerusalem and all the light of the sun and the stars was hidden, for Jesus Christ, God manifest in human flesh, had been crucified that week.

On the first day of the week following, as the record reveals, Mary Magdalene went to the sepulchre for the purpose of paying her respects to her Lord. She went in the same spirit, and very much in the same way, that many of us have gone to the grave of a loved one or friend who has been put away, to show our respect, to breathe again the spirit of the departed dead. She carried with her fragrant ointment with which to anoint the sepulchre. We carry, when we go, flowers to decorate the burying place.

I was in Hollywood cemetery in Richmond, the most beautiful cemetery in the South, and I saw a woman bending over a grave which had been made a number of years prior; and she was planting some flowers there. I said to her: "That is very beautiful." It is always beautiful to see people carrying the memory of their loved ones when they have passed away. She said, "Well, he was no kin to me, but he was the best friend that I ever had."

Mary Magdalene had gone to the sepulchre with that sort of feeling, that the best friend she had was gone, and the last seen of His body was there, as He was placed in that tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, and she wanted to honor Him in her memory, and she wanted to come into close contact, as she felt, with the departed spirit. And she wept, and while she was weeping, Jesus, her beloved friend and Lord, appeared to her in such a manner as to leave in her mind no mistake about it. He gave her a commission, to go and tell His disciples that He had risen from the dead. It was cheering news to her, for her spirits had drooped as she thought of His death, that she would never see Him again in this life. And it was a great compliment that Jesus gave to her, in that He gave her the first message that was given back to this world following His crucifixion and burial. A woman preached the first sermon that was ever preached on the resurrection, and she preached it to men.

Would we, this morning, have the text of her sermon? Would that we had the whole sermon, but the Holy Spirit did not give that message. We have simply the crux of it, which is the text, and it is, "I have seen the Lord!" Those disciples went away, after hearing that message, to their own room, that Upper Room there in Jerusalem, fearing the Jews, who were enraged.

Now, my friends, this is the background of our text. Let me say to you that all of us who have ever come into spiritual contact with Jesus have had

exactly the same experience as Mary had, in that we have seen the Lord.

We have not seen Him with our physical eyes, but there is the inner spiritual man with spiritual eyes, and these spiritual eyes, oftentimes, with these physical eyes, look through the same window, though they do not always see the same thing; for while the physical eye is contemplating physical things, the spiritual eye is likewise contemplating spiritual things.

For example, we see a man or a woman, and if we have spiritual clearness of vision, we see something more than the mere outline which we call a man or woman; we see a spiritual being pulsating and throbbing through this physical being; and it is with that last man or woman that we are most concerned, for it is the spiritual man that blesses this world most. Without it, the physical man would be groping its way in spiritual darkness as an animal, but with it, he moves far beyond in such a way as to interpret and key it together for the blessing of the world.

So, I say, we have had our experiences as well as Mary Magdalene. We have seen the Lord. We have seen Him in His incarnation, that marvelous mystery, inexplicable, I say, because the man who attempts to explain the incarnation of Jesus Christ in terms of theology is attempting an impossible thing.

When we go back and review the history of our religion, we find that God manifested himself many times in many ways, and we may call these manifestations in a sense a kind of incarnation,

We go back, for example, to the burning bush there in the desert, and we stand by and see it burn, and yet it is not consumed; and after a while we hear from the flames a voice, and it speaks to Moses and calls him to the work of his life. That is the manifestation of God. I say again, that is a kind of incarnation of God in fire.

Then we see that it is not long in the history of the race before we find him manifesting himself again in the form of fire, in connection with Elijah and the defeat of the prophets of Baal. Who was it licked up that water around the altar when Elijah challenged the prophets of Baal? What was that from heaven that consumed the altar? Fire? Yes, but fire does not behave itself like that. But it did behave itself like that because fire had been surcharged with God. He had incarnated Himself in fire.

And we come along until another instance comes to mind: when the children of Israel were dying from the bite of the serpents, and God directed Moses, you will recall, to lift the serpent of brass upon the pole, declaring that all that looked upon that serpent of brass with faith should be saved, and the healing result followed. What was that serpent, though made of man under the direction of God, and made of brass? In a sense that serpent was God. He, himself, from that serpent thus lifted, radiated the marvelous mystery of His power throughout the region of the bitten Israelites, as they looked and were healed.

And, in time, God manifested Himself again. This time He became not fire, not brass, but flesh, and dwelt amongst us. He took the ordinary processes of nature minus the natural conception of a human being. He came through an earthly mother, revealing Himself in, and becoming a part of, flesh, just such flesh as we have.

I submit to you that there is no more mystery about the last revelation than there is about the former revelations. There is no mystery at all in miracles, for miracles are going on all the time.

For instance: There is traversing these electric wires a mysterious subtle something. What is it? A new creation. What is it? Light. Do you understand how the coming together of two unseeable, intangible somethings makes it? We know the result, but cannot tell the way it is brought about.

The greatest mystery I have ever known was in Cornwall, England. There is a great stretch of black mud that has been there as long as the country has been known; the blackest black and the muddiest mud. It had never been fit for anything; no one could ever use it for anything. But one day a man stumbled on something in the midst of that black mud that has revolutionized the world. What do you suppose it was? There, shining out of the blackest black and the muddiest mud that the world ever saw was radium, whose light never ceases to shine. A man standing by that great inexplicable mystery, trembling and shaking in his knees about the inexplicability of the incarnation, is a fool! It

is one of the glories of God that He reveals Himself in these inexplicable mysteries.

In the realm of disease, I see Him as the most delicate and wonderful operator that ever lived. I see Him standing one day by the side of a man deaf, and with the delicateness of the divine expert that He was, He tightens the drum membrane of the ear; and then He moves, still delicately, a step further, and sets loose *malleus, incus and stapes*, those three little bones that hammer the drum membrane, making the sound; and then with His divine power, He charges afresh the battery of the auditory nerve; and the man leaps, for he hears!

I see Him going a step further one day, and doing a more delicate operation than that. He is approached by a blind man; and a most delicate organ of the body is the eye. I see Him quickly brush all the debris of the body from those wonderful and delicate instruments, until they are cleared. And then again He touches the battery of the optic nerve, and the man shouts, "Hallelujah! I see!"

And I see Him stand by a man with a hand withered from his childhood. And with one word, I see that man's muscles throb and thump and quiver, until Jesus says, "Stretch it forth!" and it is done.

I see Him raising the dead, feeding the hungry, ministering to all phases and forms of human need, this marvelous man—God in human flesh.

I go just a step further, and I see Him in His resurrection. I join with Mary; I have seen the Lord in His resurrection; I have seen Him through these spiritual eyes, and I have seen Him through the

testimony of those who saw Him with the physical eyes. I have the testimony of Mary, and of Cephas, of the twelve apostles, and around five hundred who saw Him before His ascension; and I have the testimony of Paul, that he, too, saw the Lord after His resurrection.

But one thing more I must say. I have seen Him in His transformation of human life, of character. Some of you have been to Florence, Italy. I have had the good fortune to go there several times; and when I have gone, since I first saw it, I never stop until I make my way to the public square of the city. In the middle of that public square there is that marvelous speaking statue of David with his sling, and the stone in it, just ready to let go; so marvelous for its effect on me, when I see it I get very nervous. I always feel like saying, "Let him have it!" I can see old Goliath standing there, and David with his sling drawn back—"Oh! why doesn't he throw it?" Do you know the history of that statue? I give it to you in a word.

A century and a little more before Michael Angelo carved that statue, another sculptor had worked on that piece of marble with the intent of making angel figures out of it. It failed. It did not suit for that purpose at all, and he threw it away, and it lay for over a hundred years in a back alley in Florence, until it was completely covered with moss. One day Michael Angelo himself was stumbling along in that back alley, and came across this stone. He scraped the moss away with his foot, and saw that it was marble. Being interested in marble and always in

search of it, he got down and looked at it, and had it carried to his own studio. When he began to shape it up, he saw that it was ideally made for the statue that had been throbbing in his soul, of David and his sling; so he carved it out of that marble that had been discarded. It did not suit for angels, but it was magnificent for men! He could have made any sort of man out of that thing.

The human race was once discarded. Jesus Christ, our Lord, came, lived, died, rose again, ascended to heaven. While He was down here, His business was that of the sculptor. He was hunting something, not with which to make angels; He was hunting for stuff that could be used to make MEN and WOMEN, to transform characters; and He found it. And by virtue of the power of His risen self, plus His atoning blood, He in all these past centuries has been making character out of discarded men, marred and wrecked and ruined by the power of evil. You have seen it done; you have had it done. Your own soul speaks back to me this morning the truthfulness of its doing.

Now, my brother, friend, what should follow such a wonderful end, all this accomplished, the climax of it being His risen self; what should result?

This, first of all. We should be honest enough to confess Him before men. It is a downright act of dishonesty for an intelligent being, with the history of Christ for these two thousand years, and with His revealed word on top of it, to deny Him. Destroy the Bible, and take the history of His church in all the dark regions of the earth, and see what it has

done. Go where it has never been, and see by comparison what it has done at home and where it has gone. We should be honest enough to confess Him as Saviour and Lord.

Secondly, we should then identify ourselves with His only representative, His church. Have you ever stopped to think that the church of Jesus Christ, to-day, is the only official representative that He has, and whatever good there is in the world after all is traceable to the church? You pull down the churches, and stop their operation, and see how soon the now boasted civilization will find itself at the very bottom of oblivion! I can not see how a man with intelligence in his head can see his direct and personal good so enhanced by the church, and fail to identify himself with it in its organization and in its work.

Finally, we should co-operate with Him in all His processes for the redemption of the rest of the world.

There is a little piece of silk in the museum of Springfield, Illinois, that could not be bought with any amount of money. Why the value attached to it? Because of its significance. That little bit of silk is all covered with blood. It was once a part of a dress worn by a beautiful girl, who sat by Abraham Lincoln when he was shot; and it was that beautiful girl who took his head in her lap, as a mother would receive the head of a baby, and it was that girl who held him while he bled his life out. The state of Illinois purchased that dress, and cut out this piece of silk covered with the blood of the great statesman, emancipator of an enslaved race, and the man who

in the program of God became a cohesive force in the salvation of this great nation.

If a state would do that for the blood of a man, what should the world do for the blood of Jesus with all its emancipating power, and all its cohesiveness for a scattered race? For, if the race of man, without regard to nationality or color or condition of life, is ever to be united and held, it will be by the cohesiveness of that blood.

And so, we join together, I am sure, in our hearts at least, to sing:

"Hosanna! Jesus slays our foe!
His strong right arm the victory brings,
Hosanna! Let all men below
Extol Him. He is King of kings.

"Hosanna! The first Adam's sin
Bred hateful death, made joy to cease,
Unfold ye gates of life! Let in
The Conqueror! Jesus brings us peace.

"Hosanna! Though for three sad days
'Twas dark, while Jesus seemed to sleep;
Upon the third, Love's conquering rays
Banished the dark; men ceased to weep.

"Hosanna! Even now, dear Lord,
'Tis often dark, we sometimes fear;
What matter! We can wait Thy word
To end the darkness. Thou art near."

Dear heart,

"If sometimes in life's shadowy room
Hope dies, and Jesus seems to sleep,
Bravely keep beside His tomb
Thy three days' watch; do not weep.

"Three days! Do with patience bide,
Watch and trust with quiet heart;
Know that soon our Eastertide
Will come; and all our fears depart."

“THE RISEN CHRIST”

Christian Obedience -

Oct 24th 1926

CHAPTER X

"THE RISEN CHRIST IN RELATION TO THE COMMONPLACE THINGS OF LIFE."

Text: John 21: 12—"Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine."

You will recall that this is the third time that Jesus has revealed Himself to His disciples since His resurrection. The first time He found them gathered in an upper room in Jerusalem, and He appeared in the midst of them and revealed Himself to them, showing to them His hands and His feet and His side. The next time, He revealed Himself again to His disciples, when Thomas was present, and showed again His hands, His feet, and His side, and called for Thomas, who was filled with doubt, to thrust his hand into His wounded side that he might be convinced that He had risen from the dead.

The third time is the time recorded here in this lesson story which I have read. The scene is by the Sea of Tiberias. On this sea and around it, Jesus had worked many of His greatest miracles; and His disciples were perfectly familiar with it. Peter, doubtless, had spent the major portion of his life fishing in the waters of this sea, or lake; but they had been with Jesus for three years, and had nothing to do with the old life. And, now, since Jesus has been crucified and all their hopes blighted

—for you remember that they had expected things to end very differently; they had expected Jesus to set up on this earth an earthly kingdom, and they themselves were to be members of His government, holding official position with Him in the administration of the affairs of the kingdom—now, everything is changed; all their aspirations in this regard have been blighted, and there is nothing left for them but to go back to the old life, and Peter proposes that. He says to the rest: “I go a-fishing”—much as to say: “You can do as you like, but I am going back to my old job; it is the only thing I know anything about, and can do best, and so I go.” And the others joined him, saying: “We go, also.”

They pushed their boat out from the shore a little way, and dropped their nets and waited; lifted their nets occasionally, and gathered nothing. The night passed, and nothing was accomplished; but while they were there upon the sea engaged in an effort to catch fish, Jesus came and stood upon the seashore. How long He was there before He made Himself known we do not know. Personally, I believe that He was there all the while. They did not see Him, but He was there. Certainly He was there in the dark while they were yonder fishing on the sea, and they knew not that He was anywhere about.

And, my friends, when we come to think of it, Jesus reveals Himself oftentimes more forcefully out of the darkness than He does out of the light. He is yonder in the darkness, near by your sorrow and disappointment, though you may know Him not. Every disciple of Jesus can comfort himself with

the fact that his Lord is ever round about him, never mind if He is in the light and seen, or in the dark. He is there, and He is waiting for the proper moment to arrive for Him to reveal His presence.

It was necessary for these disciples that they should struggle for a while. They had taken their life back in their own hands. Jesus had called them to follow Him, and now because of this disappointment they had turned back to their old way, and it was necessary for them to see the error, the folly, of following their own course, of not abiding in the call of their Lord, whether it be in the light or in the dark. And when any disciple of Jesus Christ thus takes his life and his affairs in his own hands, after they have been once handed over to Jesus Christ, he may rest assured that his Lord is going to let him toil alone until he has learned the lesson that it is needed for him to learn. So Jesus let these men toil all the night long.

But after a while He broke the silence and spoke to them out of the darkness with which He had veiled Himself, and said: "Children, have ye any meat?" As much as to say: "Have you caught anything?" And they said, "No." And He said: "Cast your net on the right side of the boat"; and they did so. They were ready to do almost anything because they had failed in their own efforts. They cast their net as He directed them, and almost immediately it was filled with fishes, so much so that it was very difficult to land. Just at this juncture John, the beloved, the one who seemed somehow to interpret Jesus and know Him better than

any of the rest recognized that this was the voice of Jesus, and he so informed the rest of the disciples. Then Peter, the impulsive one, put about him his fisher robe and got out into the water to walk and meet Jesus, leaving his partners to bring the fishes ashore. When he got ashore, he found a fire and some fish and some bread there cooking, and Jesus taking the place of the cook. Soon Jesus called upon the rest of the disciples, when their net had been brought ashore, to take of their catch and add to His catch, that they might be cooked together, their fish and His; and it was so done. When the meal was ready, He called His disciples around Him and said to them: "Come and dine "

Now that is the lesson background, my friends, and I want to impress, if I may, the very great message that comes to my own heart and life out of that background.

I.

We are sometimes inclined to overestimate men in their value to human society. / I remember the first time I saw a President of the United States. I thought at once of this whole United States resting upon that man's shoulders. He, to me, was an expression of the United States; and in a sense that was true. But now, after a larger experience, I feel quite differently about it. I remember that he is not, after all, the functioning of the whole of the people in the life of our nation; he is just merely the instrument through which the nation expresses itself in its desires and in its life. 2 I recall the first time that I saw a king of any country; it was on Easter morning, when I stood at Gibraltar and saw

King Edward VII of England, and the King of Portugal, and the Sultan of Morocco, and the Kaiser of Germany, with the President of France, land from one ship; and as I saw those men, I felt as I do not now feel when I see men of like rank—I felt that I saw the real manifestation of the whole of Europe. I saw no such thing. I saw men that merely stood as the expression of the feelings, the ideals of Europe; but by no means were they the men that made Europe. I agree quite fully with the words spoken by Lloyd George when on one occasion he was asked what constitutes the government of Great Britain, and he said: “The humblest man in the British Empire who is doing his duty.”

There is one thing that I am sure of—that is, that we underestimate the place of the man or woman in the ordinary walks of life. Jesus, here, is as big in preparing a meal as He is upon the Mount of Transfiguration revealing His pent-up deity.⁵ Jesus shines, by the side of the lake preparing the fish and the bread, with as much majesty and dignity and power as He shines in any act of His life.

During the recent European War, it is said that a negro was picked up in Texas and put aboard a box-car a few days after he was drafted, and started to New York. He did not know where he was going. He knew nothing of army life. After traveling in that old box-car for a number of days, he arrived at what they told him was New York. He was put aboard a transport, and then for a time he was on the sea, and finally landed in France. When he got off the boat he looked around and saw a regiment

of soldiers; and he was so glad to hit the land again, and to see the soldiers, he rushed up to a man who seemed to be in command, and said: "Where is I?" He said: "Go on and attend to your business and you will find out where you are." This man was a colonel, but he, himself, was from the South, and so understood the ignorance of the negro. Finally, this negro came up to a negro lieutenant, and said to him? "Where is I?" "You're in France, nigger, that's where you is. Didn't I hear you call that man, 'Boss,' a while ago? You had better 'pologize. That's the Colonel of this regiment." "Is that so? I hadn't meant to insult him;" and returning to the Colonel, he said: "Boss—I mean to say—Colonel, they tells me you is the colonel of this here regiment. You'll have to 'scuse me. When I seen you with them stripes on your arm, I thought you was the cook!"

1. The negro was not undignifying the position of the Colonel, he was elevating it. You know, we do not think enough of the woman who stays back in the kitchen and prepares the food for us and our children. We are constantly thinking of the value of men and women, of their weight, in the limelight, rather than thinking of that great mass of men and women that never see the limelight. Who is it that makes this city what it is to-day? Who is it that makes this country what it is to-day? It is the great common people that never see the limelight.

2. Get aboard a great ocean liner. Look around and see the men with uniform on, stripes and the like. You will see the man that they call Captain. You

say he is responsible for the delivery of the ship, and everybody bows and scrapes in his august presence. It is right. He is a man charged with tremendous responsibility. But after a while you see a man as black as tar, though ordinarily he is a white man. Who is he? He is a stoker. He has climbed up from the engine room to the lower deck in order to get a whiff of cool air; and I have never seen a man or woman evidence any recognition of him. I would not rob the man in the pilot room who guides the ship across the waves of any of his dues, but I would, if I could, take that man that toils and struggles and sweats down far beneath the water, and for once at least elevate him in the presence of the men and women whose lives he is making happy and safe. I have seen the men and women on ship, as they have spent the whole evening in pleasure, and never once have I heard from them one word for the man who serves in the heat and soot and grime.

One hot night I was sitting out on the rear deck of a ship, and I heard the trap door open, and then I heard a man scream and I saw him hurl himself into the sea. There went up the shout: "Man overboard!" and at once the engine was reversed, and the ship brought to a standstill. But when it was told that he was only a stoker, not even a rope was thrown to him, and he was allowed to drown in the depths of the sea. Why? Because he was only a stoker! If he had been some man beastly drunk from a bacchanalian revel, every man would have been called out, and ropes thrown, and

boats lowered, and every effort made to save him; but since he was only a fireman who lived and worked down under the sea, it made no matter if, crazed with the heat, he did throw himself overboard.

5 I remember one time I had my seat at the Captain's table. One day he said: "I am going to tell you something about one of your great countrymen, Theodore Roosevelt. I carried him on this ship back to America from his great lion hunt in Africa. As you know, upon every British ship on every sea in the world, at ten-thirty Sunday morning there is a religious service, by the law of the land. At ten-thirty we assembled in the saloon of the ship for our morning service, and I, as Captain, took the service. After the service was over, I went back to my wheel, and your Teddy Roosevelt soon tapped at my door. I saw who he was, and invited him to a seat. He said: 'I want to do something; I feel impelled since the service this morning. ~~If~~ you do not want it, do not hesitate to say, no. I am thinking of those poor struggling men down in the bottom of this ship, perhaps a hundred of them. Do you ever have a service for those men on Sunday, when the service is being held here?' 'No,' I said, 'we never have.' 'Would you mind if we get together some of us and go down there where they live and conduct a simple service for them?' 'No,' I said, 'I would be only too glad to go with you.' And we went, down, down, until we got to that pit of fire. Of course they speak all sorts of languages, for they are from everywhere, and I found that Mr. Roosevelt could speak a number himself. He read in many languages the service,

and offered up a prayer for those men. He is the first man that I ever had call my attention to that, and it is the first time I ever thought of those men when we were in prayer. I have carried many ministers, but I never had one man before that to suggest that we have such a service for those stokers."

6 I say to you again, my friends, we do not properly estimate the value of the service that is rendered in the commonplace of life. I would not rob the man in the limelight of any of his glory or honor—let him have it—but I do plead for the man and woman in the background; justice for the mother who is forced to stay yonder in the nursery with the children while her sisters are moving in the limelight of society. If she got more flowers from her faithfulness in the nursery, there would be fewer neglected children, fewer women in the limelight. Sometimes I have been in a theater and seen a beautiful actress come out and perform for a few minutes, and heard the clapping of the crowd, and seen the beautiful flowers thrown up on the stage, and I have thought of the thousands and thousands of women, far more talented than she, but who have chosen to hide their lives in the lives of their boys and girls, who never get a flower or a compliment or a blessing; there is never a hand clap for them. God knows how hard it is to live always like that! While we are thinking of ourselves, let us not forget that there are those back of us, in the shadows, that make it possible for us to be in the limelight. Who would be in the limelight if there was not somebody in the shadows? The pedestal upon which every great

man rests is some hidden life. The base upon which every great and important character stands is some bended shoulder that is willing to bear the burden. The lamp-post upon which every great and brilliant light shines, guiding and illuminating the world of mankind in heart and character, is a steady, unmovable character that is willing only thus to serve that somebody else may shine. And if our Lord has taught us nothing else in His ministry but to give honor to whom honor is due, His ministry is not in vain, if we only emulate Him. And when you come to the close of this incident in which He manifests His new greatness by His simple-hearted service, you come to the close of one of the most remarkable events in all His earthly career.

7 Immediately following, He beckons to Peter, and Peter comes to Him, and He says: "Peter, lovest thou me more than these?"—not, do you love me more than these love me, but do you love me more than you love them? Peter answered: "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." And Jesus said: "Feed my lambs." I do not believe that greater surprise ever struck mortal man than that word to Peter. The second time Jesus said: "Peter, lovest thou me?" "Yea, Lord, thou knowest I love thee." Then, "Feed my sheep." And the third time: "Lovest thou me?" And Peter replied: "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." "Then tend my sheep, watch, look after them."

You see how it is that He can thus address Himself to Peter. He is on Peter's level; He is at a meal that He Himself has cooked. They are all talk-

ing on a dead common level. Peter is thinking of that hour when he denied Him; he is wishing that it had not been so, and Jesus knows it, for He knows his heart; and now on this common level, Jesus wants to bathe his sad soul in love, and leave it there. "Lovest thou me?" "Peter, I want your love; that is why I serve." I think I can hear Peter say: "Yes, but you can not forget my life." And then I can hear Jesus as He says: "Your life counts for nothing, Peter, apart from your love. What I want to know is, have I your love? If I have your love, I will give you again my trust—I will trust to you my lambs, my delicate ones; I will trust to you my flock for feeding, as I have here fed you, and I will send you forth to tend them as I have tended you and guarded you here upon the seashore."

Jesus is dwelling here in the realm of the commonplace. He is trying to reach down and lift up life, all life, upon a level with His deity. He, as God, is not above anything that He as God has made.

I pray that the time will come when the Church of God will be in such intimate tune with the spirit of its Lord that it will live the life that He has lived here in this story, and thus help to lift into glory everything that is needed in human service.

“OUR RESURRECTION”

The Resurrection of The Body

CHAPTER XI

"OUR RESURRECTION"

Text: 2 Cor. 4: 13-14—"We . . . speak knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you."

No doubt about the resurrection in the mind of the Apostle Paul at all. He takes his courage in his hand, and faces the world of agnosticism, and declares his belief.

Our theme is "The Resurrection of the Body," and I know that there are many, particularly in the pulpit, that do not accept the resurrection of the dead. I say "in the pulpit," because it is in the pulpit that you find men of this type. It is the rarest thing to find any real doubt about the fundamentals in the pew. The doubt that we hear about, and read about, is that which comes from the speculation of the pulpit.

You will recall that in the time of our Lord there was a great body of educated men known as the Sadducees, and that they did not believe in the resurrection of the dead. And I submit that there were more men in the days of our Lord that did not believe in the resurrection of the dead, in proportion to the population, than we have to-day. We are making progress, and we are making progress by preaching the truth as we have it in the Word of God, with

the dogmatic faith that gripped the Apostle Paul when he uttered this text, when he said, "I KNOW."

Some years ago we had in Atlanta at one of our conferences, Dr. Robert Dick Wilson of Princeton University. We had him there to give a series of lectures upon Old Testament History. Dr. Wilson is regarded as one of the greatest authorities on Old Testament History in the world, and a great many of my friends asked me why I brought that man down to talk on that line. They were afraid he knew too much. My answer was, "I am never afraid of a man that knows too much. It is the chap that does not know enough but thinks he knows everything that I am afraid of."

I was on the platform the day of his first address, and this was his theme: "Was Abraham a Myth?" At that time there was a school of critics that were telling us that Abraham never lived, that he was just a caption of a story, just a name. As Dr. Wilson walked out on the platform, he said: "My theme is, 'Was Abraham a Myth?' I am a professor in a great institution; I have spent the majority of my years in the study of original things, and I am prepared to say to you in my opening sentence that I KNOW—" Think of a scholar saying I KNOW anything, for a scholar never says 'I know,' but always 'I think!' " He then went on to tell us why he knew that Abraham was a real character.

There were a few preachers throughout our country that took up what Dr. Wilson said, and ridiculed it; fellows that did not know an Egyptian mummy from the carcass of an ass that died a thousand years

ago, dared contradict a man that had spent his lifetime in those things. Now see how things have developed: Recently, excavators employed by the British government have excavated in the city of Ur, and they have found there tablets giving a full description of Abraham, as to who he was, who his people were, his history, his story, and revealing the whole of the facts as they are here outlined to us in the Word of God. So I say again, as I have before, I welcome from the bottom of my heart every pickaxe and every shovel and spade and stick of dynamite that goes into Palestine with the purpose of exploring and unearthing those old records, because every one of them, eventually, when they come to light, vindicates the Word of God.

The Apostle Paul took his courage in his hand, two thousand years ago, and said, "I know." "I KNOW!" And he was no novice, no ignorant fool, but one of the greatest and best educated men of his time, and would compare favorably with any man to-day. "I know that Jesus Christ who himself was raised from the dead will also raise us up from the dead with himself." That matter was settled so far as Paul was concerned.

Some say that the resurrection of the body is rejected on the ground that it is unreasonable; that it cannot be explained according to the laws of nature; that it would be impossible for the body to be raised again because of the scattering of the elements that come about from the decay of the body and its returning to the elements of which it is composed. I submit that that is no more unreasonable than the

bringing together of these elements in the first making of the body. Show me how you came into being and I will argue with you about the unreasonableness of the resurrection of the body. Ever since science has been at work it has been dealing with this problem, to explain by process of reason our being—how we came into being—and science every time has broken down, as you know; and the mind of man, the reasoning faculty, has broken to pieces as it has attempted to solve this mystery—the origin of life. It cannot be determined by any process of reasoning whatever. We accept as perfectly understandable things that are as unreasonable as the resurrection, and reject the resurrection on the basis that it is unreasonable.

When I get to thinking about this, I always think of two men of whom I once heard. One was an old backwoods preacher, a member of the legislature, and the other, also a member of that body, a young sceptical lawyer. This young fellow used to have a good deal of fun out of this old preacher. They stayed at the same boarding house. One day the lawyer got to chiding the old preacher about his faith and said, "I will not accept anything that I cannot understand. God Almighty has given me a mind, and that mind has got to be satisfied before I ever accept anything." Just then the old preacher looked across the street, to a green lawn, and he saw some hogs and some geese eating grass. "Do I understand you to say that you will not accept anything that you cannot understand?" "That is just where I stand." "Look across the street. Do you

see them hogs?" "Yes." "Do you see them geese?" "Yes." "Do you see what they are doing?" "Yes, they are both eating grass." "You are sure they are?" "Yes." "You are sure they are hogs; you are sure they are geese?" "Yes." "Well, can you tell me why that grass makes feathers on a goose and hairs on a hog?" The lawyer could only say, "I'll see you in the morning."

Now, my friends, let us get away from our reliance upon our purely finite, fallen intellect, for it is just as much fallen as man. It is not a question after all whether it is reasonable or unreasonable, as to whether we are going to live in the body again. It is all in what the Word of God says about it, because it has the only thing to say about it that anybody can say about it.

Now I want to submit to you seven points concerning the resurrection. I want you to think about them as I pass along.

The first is this: Jesus Christ was seen by as good women, so far as history goes, as the world has ever had, after He had risen from the dead. They were the first to see Him. They were given that honor. And, secondly, Jesus Christ was seen after that, in the upper room, by His disciples, who were as good men, so far as history records, as this world ever had. And they saw not only the outlines of Jesus, but they saw minutely, sufficiently so to see the nail prints in His hands, the wound in His side, the nail prints in His feet, and they talked with Him, and He talked with them. Thirdly, He was seen again by these disciples and Thomas, who was not with them

the first time, but who had heard of this visit of Jesus, and was with them the second time, eight days after. And Thomas gives his testimony after he had gone to the extent of putting his finger in the wound in the side of Jesus made by the spear. Fourthly, He was seen by the Sea of Tiberius by His disciples. They talked with Him, they ate with Him. Fifthly, He was seen on Olivet when He ascended from this earth and went back home to glory, and He talked with them, and they talked with Him just before His ascension. Sixthly, He was seen according to Paul's testimony, of five hundred others, or about that number, and also seen by him. Paul says he saw Jesus after His resurrection.

Furthermore, Jesus said Himself that He would rise from the dead. Now did Matthew and Mark and Luke and John, and all the rest of the Apostles, and Paul and Jesus, lie? Were they mistaken about it? If they were mistaken, why should we not conclude that they may have been mistaken about everything, and that all this church business is a farce and should be given up?

The Apostle Paul in his argument concerning the resurrection, ranks the resurrection of Jesus with the atonement for sin. Listen! "For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised; and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins."

Thank God, the very ordinances of our church speak of the essential connection between the cross and the grave. In our communion service, with the bread and wine we typify the broken body and the shed blood of Jesus; and in our baptism, the

burial and the resurrection of Jesus. In these two ordinances we typify in symbol the perfected scheme of human redemption—the cross in its atonement, and the grave with its resurrection. Some one has said that on the cross Jesus redeemed the soul, and by the resurrection He redeemed the body.

Then again, in his further argument, Paul holds that the resurrection is necessary to saving faith. Hear him in that tenth chapter of his Roman letter: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." That is ranking confession of Christ in His atoning work and resurrection together, making one completed whole in the salvation of a soul.

But, furthermore, in his argument, he holds that it is a guarantee of our own resurrection, and of our own body identification. "We speak, knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus." If Jesus had His resurrection body with the marks of identification so that He was known, we, too, shall have our resurrection bodies with personal identification.

But, you ask me, when is this to take place? I must tell you that there are two resurrections. The first resurrection, the Apostle Paul tells us, is just prior to the coming of Jesus the second time. In that first Thessalonian letter, the fourth chapter, he tells us that the dead in Christ shall be raised first. That is the first resurrection; when Jesus comes in the air and the trump of God is heard, all the saints (which means all believers) in all parts of the world,

for all time, will be raised, will be given their bodies, spiritual bodies though they may be. And the rest of the dead, according to the apocalyptic letter of John, the Revelation, will not be raised for a thousand years—that is at the end of the millennial period. Their bodies will still be sleeping in the earth during this period; but the righteous dead, the saved ones, will be living with Christ, and reigning with Him on this earth, now cursed and blighted by sin, in their glorified bodies, but bodies that will be identifiable. I give you a picture of such a body—Jesus on the Mountain of Transfiguration. Jesus there on the Mount of Transfiguration glorified his physical body until it shone. From every pore there were emitted splinters of glorified light. It was no light that came down on Jesus, but a light that came out of His inner soul, a metamorphosis—an external manifestation of an internal operation. It was his pure soul penetrating, glorifying His physical body. And that physical body with the glorified splinters of light, is a picture of the glorified bodies that we are going to have in the day when the miracle of miracles is performed; when the graves shall burst and give up their righteous dead; when the pure soul of the saint shall shine through the redeemed body.

Oh, I am looking forward to a time, a great time, a time when I am going to be good-looking; and it will not be the good-looking of a looking-glass performance, but of the bursting of a soul that for years has waited at the feet of Jesus, as it shall shine forth through this frail body redeemed by the power of His cross.

I am expecting to be with that first crowd—many of you will, thank God—and we are going to know one another. And it is no little hope that we have when we come to lay our loved ones low in the grave; no little hope, that we shall know them, and know them in a glorified state.

I was standing nigh, with my heart thumping, as it always does on such occasions, as some friends put in the grave a beautiful little girl, the only child of a poor widowed mother, as sweet little Christian as I ever knew. As we began to let her precious form down into the grave, the mother looked up through wistful, watering eyes and said, "Do you really believe that I shall know her precious form again when we meet?" "No, I do not believe it," I replied, "there is something in me that says 'I KNOW.' She will be glorified, and you will be glorified. She will have learned, as time has passed on between her going and yours, she will have learned and grown, for we have no idle life there; but she will be your darling child, known and recognized in a glorified spiritual body."

If the resurrection I am preaching to you be not true, come with me to my Bible, and tear out Paul and trample him under foot. Go further back, drive another dagger into the heart of Jesus, for he was an infamous falsifier. Yes, and go further: tear out your Gospels, because the writers of them were liars all.

Beloved, the world will go on publishing the anathemas of preachers as they are hurled at this impregnable Word, and a few people, a few, will fall

before them and call them great. But the greatest souls that have ever breathed the breath of life, the men and women that have made this world what it is, have taken this Book and hugged it to their hearts with the sacredness of the love of a mother for her baby.

God save the Book!—but there is no use praying that prayer. It is His book, given as the Lamp of Light for the people of His creation to guide them in their journey through the dark wilderness of life into the great coming days of full glorified revelation.

“Our dead—I cannot call them so,
The loved ones gone before—
A fuller life than this they know
Beyond the shadowy shore.

“The implements of earthly toil
Their hands have laid aside,
To wield far mightier forces
In the realms where they abide.

“Their eyes behold the glory of
The Lamb upon the Throne;
They catch the echo of His praise,
And it rings from zone to zone.

“They knew their dark Gethsemane—
Those dearly loved of ours;
But bravely strove to hide their cross
Beneath Life's blooming flowers.

“And now, methinks, the Lethian waters
Have borne their trials away.
And the sunlight of His presence
Banished earth clouds dark and gray.

“And the joys of life eternal,
In the heavenly mansions fair,
Throughout the unending ages,
With our Saviour, dear, they share.”

“THE NON-PAINTABLE FACE”

CHAPTER XII

"THE NON-PAINTABLE FACE."

Text: 2 Corinthians 4: 6—"For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

I think this is one of the most striking texts that my eyes have rested upon in many a day.

I am to talk to you tonight on "The Non-Paintable Face." In thinking about this subject many of you have thought first of mother; particularly is that true of your thoughts, perhaps, to-day, because this is Mother's Day and our thoughts have more or less been ranging around that name.

If you have thought of mother in connection with my theme, I have no doubt that many of you have felt as I have felt, that no artist has ever been found that could paint her face as you know it.

I have at home a portrait of my mother. Many who knew her, as they have come and passed through my home and looked upon her picture, have said, "That is a splendid likeness, a splendid likeness of your mother;" and every time I have heard such expression I have felt like saying: "It is not like her at all;" and it is not. It was done by a good artist; it represents the general outline of mother's face, it shows something of the contour of that face, to me the most wonderful of all faces that I ever

looked upon, but there is something lacking that no artist can put into it; something lacking that I could not if I were an artist myself put into it, something that paint can not reveal. And so it is with regard to every one of you, as you think of your mother. Without question you have oftentimes, as you have looked upon the pictures of your mother, said to yourself: "There is something lacking in this picture." Yes, to one who has been held in the arms of a loving mother, and looked up into her love-filled eyes, and heard her lullaby songs, there is no need of trying to paint her face. It can not be done.

And, my friends, that mother's face was a really natural face. I think it may be possible in coming generations to paint the faces of mothers, because there will not be so much else left but paint to paint; and it is an easy thing to paint paint.

I was thinking this afternoon, as I was going over the line of my work tonight, of what I would have done if I had stepped into my mother's dressing room and seen her standing before a looking-glass with a lip stick, painting her lips, and a box of red paint, painting her cheeks. I would have said: "Mother has lost her mind!" And I would have run out and yelled for the neighbors. And I am satisfied that if my mother had seen one of her daughters doing it, she would have grabbed a hickory switch and worn it into a frazzle—perhaps worn both the switch and the daughter into a frazzle!

I can not accustom myself to this painted world in which we live to-day, and I can not conceive of

anything more expressive of downright commonness than to see a woman's face and lips painted red.

I heard of a mother who had a boy who liked a girl that she did not like because she was a made-up girl. One night he came home and she was waiting for him, as she usually did. It was a little late, and she saw his lips were red, and she said: "Look here, are you hurt?" "No, Mother," he said. "Why, then, I know where you have been." And she might have said she knew what he had been doing!

I wish I could do something to stay the tide of this artificial, painted womanhood that we have today in this country. I wish I could get some of you young girls, and some not so young, to stop washing your faces in the streets and in the restaurants.

I read in a medical magazine not long ago that one of the things, perhaps, causing the increase of goitres and cancer, is traceable to the lip stick. Who is doing that? Worldly folks? No, not they only. Church folk, Christian folks, people who ought to have a different outlook on life, who ought to be trying to convince this world that there is something in life so serious as to preclude that kind of thing. I know some women say, "If I had nice red cheeks or lips I would not paint." Nobody is going to judge you by not having red cheeks or lips, for whenever they are seen it is known they are painted, anyhow! But so much for the faces that are painted.

I want to talk to you a while about this text, what comes into my soul as I look at that text. It is a remarkable utterance: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath

shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Has it ever occurred to you that it is a strange thing that in all the gospel story of our Lord there is not one word said about His physical appearance? That is to say, there is not a word said about His height, His weight, the color of His eyes, the color of His hair, the shape of His face, His nose, His eyes, His mouth, His chin, His hands, His feet; the things that usually impress us as we come into contact with men, these writers of the gospel story pass over entirely with regard to Jesus Christ. Has it ever occurred to you that that is a strange fact? But it is a fact; not a word is said that enables us to build any sort of trustworthy conception of the physical appearance of our Lord.

There is, however, to-day, a description of Jesus Christ's physical appearance, which is to me most interesting. It has been discovered by the seekers after light in the old world, and is now in one of the great museums of Europe. It is a description said to have been written by Lentullas, who is said to have immediately preceded Pilate as Roman Governor over Judea; and it was written by him of Jesus Christ during the early part of the public life of Jesus, during the first or perhaps the second year of His public ministry. I am going to give you exactly what this old manuscript says with regard to the physical appearance of Jesus Christ.

He starts out by saying: "In this time appeared a man who lives until now, a man endowed with great and wonderful power. Men call him a great prophet.

His own disciples term him the Son of God, the long-promised Messiah. His name is Jesus Christ. He restores the dead to life and cures the sick of all manner of diseases. This man is of noble and well-proportioned stature, with a face full of kindness yet firmness, so that his beholders both love and fear him. His hair is the color of wine and golden at the roots, straight and without lustre, but from the level of the ears it is curly and glossy, and divided down the center after the fashion of a Nazarite. His forehead is even and broad and smooth, and without blemish; his countenance is ingenious and kind; his nose and mouth are in no way faulty; his beard is full, and of the same color as his hair, and forked in form. His eyes are blue, and extremely brilliant, penetrating and wonderfully winsome. In reproof and in rebuke he is simply formidable; in exhortation and teaching he is gentle and amiable of tongue. His person is tall; his hands are thin and straight and beautiful; in speaking he is deliberate; and great in beauty, surpassing most of men."

I submit that this is a most wonderful document, and I submit further that it answers to the imagination of every man and woman who knows anything of the real life story of Jesus Christ; but I submit again that it is strange that in the gospel story there is not a word of this kind of thing to be found.

Of course there are a great many portraits of Jesus, all the way from the Catacombs to productions of the present day. But there is a very striking thing about these portraits of Jesus. It is said by the critics of art, particularly of pictures, and

the students of physiognomy—and all real portrait painters are students of physiognomy whether they claim it or not, they have to study features as they express characteristics of soul—it is said that every one of these portraits of Jesus that we have, when properly studied, reveals the national characteristics of the painter more than the characteristics of the painted.

For example: There are Jewish pictures of Christ, and in all these Jewish pictures of Christ you see the national characteristics of the Hebrew. There is the Hebrew profile—altogether Jewish. There are the Roman pictures of Christ by Roman artists, and they present Christ with a round and almost animal face, so that the critic is able to determine the nationality of that painting by the characteristics that he reads into it, that lead him back to the people. Greek Christs present an artistic picture, with a particularly Greek characterization, almost sensuous in beauty; Italian Christs have a joyful, cheerful expression, somewhat lacking in dignity and reverence; German Christs are studious and thoughtful, self-important; French Christs are characterized, by those most capable of judging portraits, as touched with frivolity and a suggestion of French laughter in the eyes; Dutch Christs are round of face, with ruddy cheeks; Anglo-Saxon Christs show that complex expression characteristic of the complex race. There is said to be one distinctly characteristic American picture of Christ, which, however, I have never seen. I would like to have a description of it by the art critics that I might put it alongside of

these. I think it would represent Jesus Christ with a bit of American greed expressed in His features.

Now, what am I trying to say? I am trying to impress this great fact, that every man's life is a creation of his ideal; and I may say further, every civilization is the creation of its ideal. It is impossible even to paint a picture of Christ, according to the best critics of the world, without putting into His features, some way, somehow, the ideal of the painter. Unconsciously he endeavors to fashion the form and features of his picture to his own conception of Jesus; and it is impossible for Christ ever to be produced upon canvas as He really was, because no man can measure up to the level of the ideals of Jesus. Every man's life, and every man's work is the creation of his ideals, and his ideals are the creation of his thinking, "for as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." A great scientist has recently said: "Tell me what this generation is thinking about, and I will show you what the next generation will be doing." And I think he might say: "Tell me what this generation is seeing and I will tell you what this generation will be sowing."

In old England some years ago, there lived a widowed mother with seven sons, and every one of those sons, as they became of age, left home and went to sea. When the last one left she sent for her pastor. She was all broken to pieces; the last of her boys had gone to live the life of a sailor, and she could not understand it.

When the preacher came she took him into the drawing room, and they sat down. "I have asked

you to come," she said, "to consider with me this sorrow that has come upon me. You know I have seven sons, and the last one of them has left home and gone to live the hard life of a sailor; and why, I cannot understand. We never taught them anything about it; they never saw a ship until they were grown. How is it that the last one of them has gone to sea?"

Just at that time the eyes of the pastor fell upon a beautiful oil painting that rested upon the mantel piece over the fireplace. That picture represented a ship at sea, sails all stretched. Merry passengers were walking up and down her decks, the sea was calm, the sky was clear, and life seemed a plaything. It was a beautiful picture. He turned to her and pointed to that picture, and said: "Before I answer your question, may I ask you one? How long have you had that beautiful picture? How long has it been hanging there?" "Ever since we were married," she replied; "it was given us as a wedding present." "And every one of these children has grown up under the inspiration of it?" "Yes." "And you wonder why they have gone to the sea for their life's work? Why, the first thing they had impressed upon them was the beauty, the glory, the frolic of the sea, and it rooted in them, and now it has fruited in their lives." And he was right.

Every man's life, I come back to say, and every man's work, is the creation of his ideal, and his ideal is the creation of his thinking. If that be true, as I have told you with regard to that picture and its influence upon those lads, what are we to expect from

the future generation in the light of the pictures they are allowed to look upon in the tender years of childhood?

We are wondering to-day, why is it we are having so much crime in this country? Crime is on the increase. Why is it? Two things account for it, and they account for it just as certainly as we are here tonight.

First, the low ideals that are presented in the pictures of the picture houses to-day. I say to you without any sort of hesitation that the great Wild West train robber pictures have done more to make crime and criminals than anything else this country has ever faced. If a silent picture upon a wall can influence seven boys' lives to the extent that they would leave home and mother and go to live the life of a seaman, why should we not expect out of the pictures of crime and horror that we see in the movies, a harvest of thieves and robbers, train wreckers, and such like?

The other thing that accounts for it is the evil effects of the war. For two years we were training our young manhood how to kill; for two years we were cheering the number of men killed; for two years the hero was the fellow that killed the most men. There may be something in that that is necessary for the creation of a high form of patriotism; I do not know. I see in the papers that there is a bill now before Congress to retire Sergeant York of Tennessee with the rank and pay of captain for the rest of his life, because he killed more Germans than any other one man known during the war. That may be

all right; but I can not see it. To me it is a relic of the spirit that is in man and which has not yet been chained.

How are we going to square this kind of thing up with the teaching of Jesus Christ with regard to our enemy? How are we going to expect the blessing of Almighty God upon our civilization so long as we disregard His teaching with regard to our treatment of our enemy?

Just a word back to our text: Why is it that the face of Jesus Christ could never be painted? Jesus Christ's face could never be painted by mortal man because that which shone in the face of Jesus Christ was God himself, and no canvas has ever contained, or will ever contain, the face of God. Who is genius enough to put on canvas an expression of the love of God? We can not put on canvas the love of mother; we can not put on canvas the love of anything or anybody. Who, therefore, can dare put upon canvas the marvelous mystery of the love of God in Jesus Christ? In the face of Jesus Christ is the mercy of God; who can express with a brush features that will speak of the mercy of God for a sinning race? In the face of Jesus Christ there shined the forgiveness of God, the forgiveness of God for a lost world. Who can put on canvas features that will express the forgiveness of God for men and women whose lives are cursed by sin?

The only place that the features of Jesus Christ can be painted is where the brush of the artist can not reach. Where is that? In the heart of the believer. In the heart of the believer, the center of his

emotions, the home of his soul, there is the sensitive plate upon which God, by His Holy Spirit, stamps the likeness of Jesus Christ. I look up through my heart and see Jesus Christ, and I see Him nowhere else. Yes, it is in the heart, where the sensitive plate is, that the spirit stamps the features of Jesus Christ, the expression of the love and mercy and the forgiveness of God.

And, some day, when the mists have all rolled away, when our hearts are made bare, when all present difficulties have been overcome, we are going to look Him in the face and see what we have seen with our spiritual eyes, painted upon the walls of our hearts, in the very face of Jesus Christ,



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